

The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915.

Summary of the News

The outstanding event of the week has been the discussion occasioned by the communication sent by the Government of the United States to the British Government, the dispatch of which we recorded briefly last week, regarding the rights of the shipping of neutral countries. Some misunderstanding as to the terms and character of the note arose both in this country and in England as a result of the premature publication of a summary of the communication that was in some respects misleading. The actual text, however, which was made public on December 31 by mutual agreement of the Governments of the United States and of Great Britain, shows it to have been couched in the friendliest possible terms, which, nevertheless, make perfectly clear the grievances against which the United States protests. As we write no official intimation as to what will be the nature of the reply of the British Government has been received, except that it will be of a friendly character. It is understood that the reply has been submitted to the consideration of the French Government before being handed to Ambassador Page, and there seems every reason to expect that some compromise acceptable to all parties will be arranged. With the principles involved in the communication we deal at greater length elsewhere.

It is admitted that the questions which have formed the subject of the communication to the British Government have been complicated by lack of good faith on the part of individual shippers. In Italy, the press of which country has cordially endorsed the attitude taken by the United States with regard to neutral shipping, a widespread conspiracy was brought to light last week which had for its object the transportation of contraband of war to Austria and Germany. In this country President Wilson has issued a warning to shippers concerning the importance of observing absolute bona-fides in the manifests of their cargoes, and as a step towards solving the difficulties that have arisen in this connection the Administration has decided to certify American cargoes as to their exact contents. On Saturday of last week arrests were made on a vessel clearing from New York in connection with an alleged plot whereby German reservists were returning to Germany under assumed names, and with passports fraudulently obtained, as if for American citizens.

There have been no developments of great importance in the European situation, as it affects countries not already engaged in the war. Rumors of possible disagreement between Greece and Bulgaria over the question of Macedonia have been too vague to command credence without further substantiation, and the fact that Greece continues to put herself in a state of military preparedness need not be any more significant of warlike intentions than the corresponding

preparations in Italy have so far proved to be. A settlement of the latter country's quarrel with Turkey over the Hodeida incident appears to be in sight. According to dispatches from Rome to the New York *Sun* on January 2, the Italian Foreign Office has received information that orders from the Turkish Government for the release of the British Consul at Hodeida, and the punishment of the Turkish gendarmes who violated the Italian Consulate, have reached Hodeida, and have been communicated to the Turkish Governor. The latter's reply, according to the dispatch, is expected at the end of this week. Italian occupation of Avlona has so far elicited no protest from Austria-Hungary. Further troubles, however, are reported in Albania, the rebels having attacked Durazzo on Sunday, and sent a letter signed "Moslem Committee," demanding the surrender of the French and Servian envoys. In response to an appeal for assistance from Essad Pasha, the Italian battleship *Sardagna*, two cruisers, and a coast-patrol ship opened fire on the rebels, repelling their attack.

The Russian "Orange Book," detailing the events which led up to the entry of Turkey into the war, was published in Petrograd on January 2. According to the official summary, the documents included in the book give evidence that the Ottoman Empire was trapped into participation in the war through the attack on Russian ports by the Goeben and Breslau.

That Lieut.-Col. Maritz, who escaped over the border into German Southwest Africa, is still a potential source of danger to the Union of South Africa, is evident from an official announcement, reported by a Reuter telegram from Pretoria, that the Government intends to commandeer men for service in Southwest Africa and in the Union of South Africa. The reason given for this determination is that Lieut.-Col. Maritz "is now attempting to return with German reinforcements, armed with field guns and rifles, to stir up rebellion afresh and prosecute it more effectively."

Consideration of the Ship Purchase bill was taken up by the Senate on Monday. The majority report of the Committee on Commerce on the bill was filed on December 30, but, as was pointed out in the debate, the minority report of the Committee had not yet been received when consideration of the measure was sprung on the Senate.

The Immigration bill was passed by the Senate on January 2 by a vote of fifty to seven, many Senators, for various reasons incident to their constituencies, absenting themselves. The bill, as passed, included the literacy test and other exclusive amendments, on which we comment elsewhere. It is considered probable that the President will veto the bill, after it has reached its final form in conference between the houses, just as President Taft vetoed a measure that was virtually identical with the present one.

Despite the superior attractions of a real war in Europe, Mexico continues spasmodically to creep on to the front page of daily

newspapers. Usually these appearances only add to the difficulty of gaining any idea of the real state of affairs there. Thus, Provisional President Gutierrez has been deposed and imprisoned on more than one occasion, yet so far as can be gathered he still exercises a semblance of authority in Mexico City. Carranza is reported, from Carranzista sources in Washington, to have inaugurated a successful offensive against Villa in the Laguna district, between Torreon and Monterrey, but whether there is a word of truth in this report it is impossible to say. The situation on the border, which is of most interest to the United States, is not illumined by the reticence of the State Department. Gen. Hugh L. Scott, who has been at Naco for several weeks on a semi-diplomatic mission, has apparently not been able so far to induce Gov. Maytorena to sign an agreement with the Hill faction for the establishment of a three-mile neutral zone for the whole frontier. Under such an agreement the forces of Maytorena would retire three miles and agree not to attack the Hill forces while they departed to Agua Prieta.

The London Stock Exchange reopened for business on Monday, after having been closed since July 30, last year. Various restrictions were placed upon trading, in order to prevent anything in the nature of panic-selling. Business has been quiet and restrained since the reopening, but the mere fact that it has been resumed is viewed with satisfaction as indicating that the greatest crisis in the history of the Exchange has been safely negotiated.

It is worth noting that a curious anomaly, illustrative of the almost haphazard manner in which the British Empire has grown up, was brought to an end on January 1. Hitherto naturalized citizens of the various commonwealths of the Empire have not enjoyed the rights of full British citizenship. Thus, a man might be a citizen of Canada but not a British citizen outside of the Dominion. This curious inconsistency has been the subject of discussion at a number of Imperial conferences, and has finally been settled by the passage of a law providing that a British subject in any of the Dominions shall enjoy everywhere the full rights of citizenship.

A new election law for the republic of China was promulgated in Peking on December 29. The most interesting clause, according to dispatches of the Associated Press, is that relating to the Presidential term of office, which is fixed at ten years. This, however, it is significant to note, may be continued indefinitely if the Senate, by a two-thirds vote, considers that the political situation makes such an extension desirable.

The deaths of the week include: Brig.-Gen. Robert H. Hall, Rev. Powell B. Reynolds, December 29; ex-Representative Duncan E. McKinlay, December 30; Rear-Admiral Henry L. Howison, December 31; Earl of Bradford, January 2; Carl Goldmark, Percy H. Illingworth, N. Parker Shortridge, Augustus Cleveland Brown, January 3; Brig.-Gen. Henry Rutgeras Mizner, Henry John Roby, January 4; Mme. Gerville-Reache, January 5.

The Week

Mr. Taft thinks a good way to reckon the probation period for the Filipinos is to estimate the time it will take them "to become an English-speaking people," which, he goes on to say, will probably require two generations, reckoning a generation as thirty years. As there have been some pretty good specimens of self-governing people that have not been English-speaking, it may be thought that what Mr. Taft was really thinking about was the possession of a single common language, whether English or not. But even this does not help much, for it happens that much the oldest, and probably the most successful, of all existing experiments in self-government is to be found in Switzerland, which is a trilingual country. So one falls back, perforce, upon the hypothesis that in making the English language the test qualification, the ex-President was—unconsciously, no doubt—putting the cart before the horse. Two generations, or sixty years, was a good comfortable period which, upon general principles, Mr. Taft thought would be about the right figure; and if you have to name something more specific than your own personal notion of what is right, the English test is perhaps as good as anything else for the purpose.

Trade balance in our favor	
Old Tariff	\$519,894,000
Trade balance in our favor	
New Tariff	206,862,000

Loss in foreign trade for the first eight months of the new tariff, preceding the war .. \$313,032,000

Such is the melancholy exhibit displayed in a lugubrious article in *Industrial America*, a journal "devoted to the conservation of home industries." But before any one is moved instantly to propose the impeachment of President Wilson for having thus robbed the nation of 313 millions of "good American dollars," it may be well for him to look at this other little table:

Trade balance in our favor	
1908	\$666,431,000
Trade balance in our favor	
1910	188,037,000

"Loss in foreign trade" \$478,394,000

What caused this terrific difference between the fiscal year 1908 and the fiscal year 1910? The Payne-Aldrich tariff, of course. Nothing else could have done it, for it is well known that the only thing that ever affects the course of foreign trade is a change in the tariff. And we submit that, so long as President Taft was permitted to serve out his term without being subjected to impeachment for having robbed the people of \$478-

000,000 by signing the Payne-Aldrich bill, it would not be a square deal to hold President Wilson criminally responsible for the robbery of a mere \$313,000,000 caused by the present tariff.

The National Wholesale Liquor Dealers of America find no trouble in disposing of the ridiculous assertion made by Mr. Hobson in the Prohibition debate, that "Alcohol averages 2,000 American lives a day; alcohol actually kills fully 730,000 citizens every year." On the basis of the United States Census mortality statistics, it is figured out that the total number of deaths of persons over five years of age in the United States, from all causes, is about 2,500 a day, so that, if we exclude children under five, Mr. Hobson's statement would leave only 500 deaths to occur daily from all other causes, as against the 2,000 due to alcohol. However, it would cost Mr. Hobson only a little effort to sweep away any such superficial attempt at disproof. It is true, he might say, that in the ordinary, or mere medical, sense only a small percentage of deaths is due to alcohol, instead of the four-fifths that he asserts; but how are you going to disprove that we should all be living to the age of a hundred and fifty or thereabouts if there were no such thing as alcohol in the world? That is not what Hobson meant, to be sure, and still less what he expected his hearers to understand; but what is to prevent his taking that ground the next time he opens his batteries? The only trouble about it would be that the statement would rest solely on Mr. Hobson's own private fancy; yet this is certainly much better than a statement that is obviously belied by the simple facts.

Probably the Congress that is elected in November, 1914, will contain at least one member bent on introducing a measure to weaken the merit system. In the present year of grace the member's name is Cullop, he comes from Indiana, and his scheme is the simple but effectual one of providing that all appointments be for four years. At the end of that period there would be a new deal. One of the prominent newspapers of Mr. Cullop's own State endeavors to discourage him by giving a brief review of the attacks upon the now established method. President Hayes "met with the opposition of the Cullops of that day." So powerful a figure as Conkling—who, we fear, would resent being termed a Cullop—coined or adopted the phrase "snivel service reform." This ought to have killed the thing at the very begin-

ning, but in some mysterious way the merit system survived the epithet. It survived the even more striking episode of the resignation of Conkling and his satellite Platt. Today the only place where it retains a conspicuous foothold at Washington is in the "Senatorial courtesy" prerogative or device. Those who would grossly misuse this power may well take warning from the outcome of the long agitation over the amendment for the popular election of Senators, to say nothing of the perils of attacking a popular President.

Against Senator Jones's proposed reorganization of the committee system of the upper house many practical objections may be brought, but it is serviceable at least in re-emphasizing some of the defects of the present arrangement. He would reduce the seventy-five or more committees to nine of the first class and sixteen of the second, would limit the membership of each of the former to eleven and of the latter to sixteen, and would forbid any Senator to be a member of more than three committees. Cutting in three the whole number of committees would correct one evil of which little is heard. Multiplication of committees has enabled members interested in a particular class of subjects, as waterpower or Indian affairs, to gain control of the committees handling all such legislation. It is true that a broader regrouping of committees might make less easy the expert treatment of these topics, but there is no doubt that the present number is too great—many committees being utterly inactive. The reduction in the size of the committee is not so important a change, none now having over eighteen members. It is about Senator Jones's proposal to limit each Senator to three committees, on the ground that those now belonging to five or more cannot properly attend to Senate work and have too much power, that the fight will doubtless be waged if the plan is seriously debated. To the whole scheme Senator Jones has attached a second resolution of undoubted merit—restricting the number of employees assigned to each committee and Senator, and fixing their pay.

The report showing that some \$460,000 was spent by candidates of all parties last November in the first popular election of United States Senators, has prompted the charge that the new method is more expensive than the old. There is no proof of this, in spite of the fact that in 1912, the one former year in which statements of expenses were required, the total was but \$110,000 for all

parties. In 1912 many items of Senatorial outlay may have gone under the general head of Presidential campaign expenses, while election by State Legislatures, and the smaller total of choices made, render direct comparison impossible. It will be remembered that it was in March, 1912, that Senator Stephenson admitted that he had spent \$107,000 in his entire campaign—about one-fourth of the election total reported for all candidates in 1914; and that it was in 1912 that the Lorimer scandal was aired. A direct analysis of the figures for 1914 shows little tendency to excessive expense. Many candidates spent nothing; the one who spent most—an Oregon Progressive—disbursed about \$10,000 of his own and \$10,000 given by his friends; the average expense was about \$3,000. Direct election naturally increases the expense of personal campaigning, as also that involved in advertising, printing circulars, holding meetings, and so on. But the whilom cost of corrupting a Legislature is done away with.

The resumption of trading on the London Stock Exchange on Monday, after the wholly unprecedented closing of its doors for a period of five months and five days, was by no means a return to the free market for investment and speculation which existed before the war. It is not so long a step in that direction as was our own Stock Exchange's resumption of business, on December 12. The New York "reopening" left the stock market subject to the usual process of individual bids and offers. Speculative buying, and "selling for the short account," are as admissible as they were on July 30. In fact, the only restriction placed by the Exchange is the fixing of "minimum prices," below which stocks are not to be sold; and the management has lately stated that this restriction is not imposed with any view to arbitrary "valorization" of prices, but in order to erect a precautionary barrier which should stand in the way of any sudden and overwhelming rush of foreign selling, such as might conceivably result from vicissitudes of the war.

The London Stock Exchange now permits trading only for cash. "Bear sales" and "buying for the account" are prohibited. So are individual bids and offers on the floor; apparently, transactions must be arranged through an official committee, as was done on our Stock Exchange during several weeks before the formal "reopening." No one is allowed to deal in differences between London and other stock markets—which sup-

presses the usual active "arbitrage trading." Minimum prices are rigidly enforced, and in American stocks the New York Exchange's minimums are recognized. Above all, a seller of stocks must show that he is not dealing, directly or indirectly, in shares owned by the enemy. Surrounded with such stipulations, it is not strange that transactions on the reopened London Stock Exchange have been small in volume and of little importance as a measure of financial tendencies. In due course, and perhaps before very long, some of these restrictions will be removed. Precisely as financial London has been obsessed with the idea of Germany somehow "unloading" her holdings of international securities on London, so financial New York had been convinced that all Europe would throw American securities in a mass on our market in order to turn them into cash. Our own Stock Exchange has now been open to the investment world during more than three weeks, and no indication of such a process has appeared. It may be doubted if the peril pictured by the London Stock Exchange is much more real than was our own.

Pending Congressional action, the hope for development of rural credit systems lies with independent farmers' organizations, and with such State Land Banks as New York opened on January 1. The history of cooperative land banks in America dates only from 1910, when Myron T. Herrick began a campaign for their organization in Ohio. Since that year the Jewish farmers have organized nearly twenty banks; others have been established by existing cooperative credit societies in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, while the movement has gained considerable strength in the Northwest; and in November a national convention of those interested in rural credits drew several hundred delegates to Washington. It is, indeed, on local loan associations and agricultural societies that the New York bank is founded, though it represents a far greater degree of official encouragement than Massachusetts has offered in her laws of 1909 and subsequent years. The bank's capital of \$100,000 should be quickly expanded, for it has a field of extraordinary usefulness. Europe has shown how practicable it is for farmers to pool their funds and credit. Superintendent Richards suggests that New York's bank will serve as a model for other States.

Among the Progressive leaders who are announcing their return to the Republican

party is now numbered Representative Hinebaugh, of Illinois. In his own person, Mr. Hinebaugh may not be especially noteworthy, but he happens to be the man who organized the Progressive group in the House of Representatives and the Progressive Congressional Committee, and he is chairman of the latter body. Why does he go back to what we were assured upon the highest authority was a den of thieves? Well, Mr. Hinebaugh sees no hope of success as a Christian soldier; his dreams of a new heaven and a new earth have been shattered by a vision of the Democratic party marching to certain victory. Better a half-progressive Republican party in office than a wholly Progressive party singing and issuing pronouncements. Mr. Hinebaugh hopes that most of those who had cast in their lot with the latter will return to the only party that can beat the Democrats. As why should they not? The record of the present Congress shows that "on all matters of important legislation, the Progressives and the progressive Republicans voted together." This admission that there is hope for the Republican party without a certain Colonel bossing it makes the defection of 1912 a bit difficult to justify.

The startling testimony before the Joint Committee on Indian Affairs, that Crow Indians worth hundreds of thousands have been defrauded till some have actually died of want, lays bare an extreme instance of abuse; but it should intensify the growing sentiment that the system of leasing Indian lands must be restricted within the closest bounds. Since the general allotment act of 1887, some 215,000 Western Indians have received farms of their own—a first step towards independence. In the case of minors and men physically incapacitated, leasing to white men has been imperative if waste was to be avoided. In the case of others, their inefficient use of the land has led whites to feel that they have a moral right to acquire and till it. But the evils in the present case show what harm a weak or interested reservation superintendent can do. Superintendent Scott, of the Crow lands, admits permitting two or three representatives of some great meat-packers to sub-lease from other men, in direct violation of the rules of the Indian Bureau, and thus to acquire control of huge tracts. Where these tracts enclosed isolated Indian allotments, the latter were appropriated without explanation or compensation. Until the Indians can be fully trained as farmers, some leasing must doubtless go on; but reserva-

tion officers must be held far more sternly to their duties, and the Indian Bureau must be regarded as strictly accountable for such scandals as that just revealed.

In this mixed world, conformity in one direction means often the loss of it in another. It has been shown that nations using the British mensuration system exceed in population those with the metric; and to champions of the adoption of the latter as a new stroke for foreign trade J. Q. Adams's words of 1821 are still quotable: "Is your object uniformity? Then, before you change any part of your system, compare the uniformity that you must lose with the uniformity that you may gain." However, the weight of the argument remains with the metric system, and our South American trade should at least familiarize us with it. In another direction, as the National Chamber of Commerce has just pointed out, a striving after uniformity is properly urged. At an international congress of business interests in Prague in 1902, a resolution was adopted favoring an international classification of commodities so as to permit all countries to conduct custom-house business and publish custom-house statistics under identical headings. The Belgian Government invited delegates from all nations to Brussels in 1910 to prepare the classification, which was elaborated and approved by twenty-one states; while later an International Bureau of Custom-House Affairs was established. Though joined by many of the Powers, the United States has held back. These and similar steps, as the proposed universal adoption of uniform foreign postage, have behind them the great argument not merely of facilitating commerce, but of strengthening international good feeling.

It is rumored—idly we presume—at Madison that President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, is to be displaced as a result of the election of a standpat Republican Governor. In the earlier and rawer days of our Western States, politics was constantly interfering with the conduct and the personnel of the State Universities; this crude stage of things has long been, at least in the main, outgrown in the States which possess universities of importance. But experience has been insufficient to show to what extent political pressure of the less sordid kind—pressure having relation not to spoils or to election manœuvring, but to opinion or public policy—may yet prove a danger to the intellectual integrity of these institutions.

With the danger involved in the private endowment system we are familiar; but there are two circumstances that minimize this danger, which do not apply in the case of Government control. The fear of public odium stays the hand of the man who might be inclined to interfere from the standpoint of moneyed interests; and the multiplicity of sources insures a great variety of attitude, in any case. Fortunately, upon the last point, our system of autonomous federated States has much the same effect, in comparison with what would happen if one strong central Government were the source of all authority.

In future dramatic histories a problem will be to explain the gap between the antebellum pantomime and the "Toy Theatres" that are finally opening especially for children. One gave regular performances last winter in Boston; another is now promised New York, at a cost of \$200,000, and with seats for five hundred. In 1875 Americans were already lamenting the pantomime's decay; how is it that in the generation following poor children have had to content themselves with "Punch and Judy," and the rich with fortuitous spectacles like "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Peter Pan"? Surely, no public is more substantial, more fixed in taste, more spontaneously appreciative; none offers a better opening for the répertoire company. With the announcement that New York's Toy Theatre is to give fairy plays and folk-lore stories in the afternoon, and in the evening more ambitious performances, the imagination can body forth an ideal programme. The children may realize what Thackeray fancied. "What if Mignon and Goetz von Berlichingen were alive now, and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in that open window by the garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leatherstocking were to glide silent in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a swagger, curling their moustaches?" The idea is more than a pretty one; as the Theatre is endowed, it is to be hoped that it will reach all classes of young folk.

Luigi Luzzatti, the former Italian Prime Minister, contributes to the *Corriere della Sera* a short article on the misuse of the name of God in the present war. He makes no reference to German traditional piety, in this matter, and takes no purely religious stand himself. It is, rather, the shocking bad taste and the frequent incongruity of

some of the appeals to the Almighty made by various combatants, which offend the soul of Signor Luzzatti. He instances the recent exchange of telegrams between the Austrian Emperor and the Sultan of Turkey. Both invoked the blessing of God on their joint efforts. What bitter irony, remarks Luzzatti, this would seem to those who died at Lepanto, or to the spirit of John Sobieski, if the news reaches Heaven! For one thing we may be thankful. In the messages that passed between the King of England and the Mikado of Japan, there was no parade of religion. As the Italian writer says, it would be difficult to think of Buddha and Jesus brought together as supporters of this terrible war. Indeed, the invocation of divine aid by the warriors had much better be made in secret. Otherwise they may lend fresh and ghastly point to the sarcasm of Voltaire, that ever since God created man in his own image, man has been doing the like with God!

War being a lapse backward, the fact that it gives birth to folk-songs with variations like those of a primitive day is perhaps natural. The *Literarische Echo* has been annotating and collating the most popular German *Soldatenlied*—one whose collective authors remain unknown:

Heimat, o Heimat, bald muss ich dich verlassen,

Denn unser Kaiser, er ruft uns zu den Waffen.
Frankreich lässt uns keine, keine, keine Ruh,
Morgen marschieren wir Frankreich zu.

Bruder, ach, Bruder ich bin ja schon geschossen!

Feindliche Kugeln, die haben mich getroffen!
Geh' und hol' mir einen, einen Feldarzt her,
Frag' ihn, ob mir noch vielleicht zu helfen wär'!

That these war poets are volunteers is obvious. But the remarkable fact is that a parallel exists for but one of the stanzas, in a song of 1885, "Der Verwundete":

Kamerad', ich bin geschossen,
Eine Kugel hat mich getroffen,
Bringet mich nach meinem Quartier,
Dass ich gleich verbunden werd' allhier.

Remarkable, too, are the number of variations current. "Deutschland, ach Deutschland," for example, is substituted for "Heimat, o Heimat," and the spirit of the whole is altered by appealing to "Mutter, ach Mutter," instead of "Bruder, ach Bruder." In this piece of popular ballad-making is a plaintive devotion and long-suffering gentleness quite different from such productions as Ernst Lissauer's "Hassgesang gegen England."

SCRAPS OF PAPER AT SEA.

Comments of the English press on the note of our Government regarding neutral rights at sea were from the first of a calm tone, and were not made less so by the publication of the full text of the American dispatch. It is not denied that President Wilson has proceeded in the matter correctly and in a friendly spirit. One or two of the points urged by British newspapers against the American contention are worth a word. They are plainly invalid. It is said by one editor that in our Civil War the North absolutely strangled sea-borne trade with the Southern States. It did, and did it by the recognized means, an effective blockade. But the British Government has made no pretence of blockading the German coast. The newspaper explanation is that this could not be done without also blockading Belgium and Holland. We fail to see how this follows; but if it does, the British case is not helped. A blockade is certain and definite. Once declared, it furnishes to shippers exact information of the risks they run. The absence of such information in the present instance is one of our grounds of complaint against England. By her indefinite and arbitrary rules she has left American exporters too much in the dark and exposed them to loss.

Another grievance has been the taking into British ports of so many ships merely on suspicion of having contraband aboard. Most of these have been released, though some of them were vexatiously detained for a time. A defence of this course is put forward by the *London Chronicle*. It says that the law of the right of search at sea has been made obsolete by the size of modern merchant ships and by the invention of submarines! The point is that it is not practicable to search a big steamship at sea; nor is it safe, for a hostile submarine may be lurking near. Hence it is more convenient to take a suspected vessel into port, there to conduct the search at leisure and in security. But convenience for the captor does not make international law. Unnecessary inconvenience for the captured, on the contrary, is made punishable by international law. There are adjudicated cases of that kind in which the captor has been mulcted for demurrage, costs, and damages, whether to the owner of the detained ship or the owners of her cargo. The basis of a claim for damages in the case of a liner held for some days in port and then released with a clean bill of health would seem to be clear. This must have been in the President's mind when he said, the other day,

that he expected Great Britain to pay for the damage done to our shipping and our commerce. Indeed, the note laid before the British Government may be thought of as a sort of laying the legal foundation for a demand, later, that complete indemnification be made.

This would not mean in the slightest a denial of the right of search in time of war. It is only the needless and harmful incidents of the British right of search that are objected to. On this subject there is much confusion in the public mind. Some seem to be under the impression that the United States went to war with England in 1812 for doing the same thing to our ships that we now tamely submit to! Such inflamed patriots should buy or borrow a school history or a manual of international law. Then they might discover that the right of search by belligerent ships has been upheld by our Supreme Court, and is explicitly laid down in our own Naval Code. But why not, cry others, have American warships convoy the neutral vessels and so exempt them from search? The answer is that such convoying would not exempt them. British and American judicial opinions agree in this respect. In one case Justice Story said: "The law deems the sailing under convoy as an act *per se* inconsistent with neutrality, as a premeditated attempt to oppose, if practicable, the right of search, and therefore attributes to such preliminary act the full effect of actual resistance." The effect of actual resistance is, of course, confiscation. So we hope to hear no more about American battleships majestically convoying neutral ships past the British cruisers and defying them to touch a hatchway on yon gray deck.

The sum of the whole matter lies in the fact that the right of search carries with it grave responsibilities. All that the Administration has done is, while fully admitting the right, to insist upon the responsibilities. England enjoys the command of the sea. True, but that does not make her whim the law at sea. The rules carefully worked out through all the years, with the decisions made by British courts as well as American, and the positions laid down repeatedly by British statesmen as well as our own, cannot be brushed aside as if they were but scraps of paper. They represent the consensus of nations. They are a part of international law. No plea of extreme necessity, or of life or death for England or any other Power, can avail to set aside the indefeasible rights of neutrals at sea. If, through ignorance or excess of zeal, they are infringed upon by the captain of an English man-of-

war, his Government may be made to smart for it. By diplomatic claim or by reference to an international court, all such breaches of international law may be duly assessed in money damages. Command of the sea does not mean that you may do whatever you please at sea. Your conduct there in time of war, as upon the land, is to be judged by the law of nations, no matter how many army corps you may be able to mobilize, or how many big guns your battleships may carry.

THE EXCLUSIONIST SPIRIT.

By the final form given to the Immigration bill, as it passed the Senate on Saturday, many false pretences are ended. The measure is one of exclusion. During the whole debate the exclusionist spirit was assertive and triumphant. Every amendment tending to broaden the provisions of the law, so as to admit larger numbers of those seeking America as the refuge of the oppressed, was voted down; while nearly every proposed change intended to turn new classes of immigrants from our shores was eagerly accepted. A temporary exception, good during the European war, or for one year after its close, was made in favor of Belgian farmers, but otherwise the whole attitude of the Senate breathed narrowness. As if to show to what lengths bigoted exclusion could go, an amendment was adopted by an overwhelming vote to add to the "persons excluded from admission" to the United States those of "the black, or African, race."

So here we have the Black Peril in immigration! It is really fantastic. No one not obsessed with the exclusionist spirit could possibly think that the United States needed any safeguard against the immigration of colored men. From Africa and the West Indies they come in such small numbers that the ordinary statistical manuals ignore them altogether, or simply group them with "all others." According to the "International Year Book," less than 7,000 black immigrants entered the United States in each of the years 1912 and 1913. This number included those who come and go between Jamaica and other West Indian islands and this country. The permanent addition to our colored population, brought about in this way, is virtually imperceptible. With our blacks numbering 10,000,000, we are to take fright at the coming of five or six thousand! The thing is absurd on its face.

That this provision excluding black men would go squarely counter to several treaties of the United States is not denied. We

will make no reference to our treaty agreements with Great Britain, covering the Jamaicans and other colored British citizens. We are just now engaged in protesting to the British Government that the lawful rights of American goods at sea are being overridden, and it would be delicious for us, at this moment, to pass an act of Congress deliberately violating a British treaty. The English are always growling, anyhow; so what's the difference? But read our treaty still in force with the "Black Republic," Hayti. It says: "The citizens of each . . . shall be permitted to enter, sojourn, settle, and reside in all parts of the territories of the other." Or turn to our treaty with Liberia: "The citizens of the Republic of Liberia shall, in return, enjoy similar protection and privileges in the United States of America and in their territories"—that is, the privilege of residing in and trading in any part of the territories to which "any other foreigners are or shall be admitted." We know, of course, that a little thing like a treaty does not deter Congress in one of its mad moods. Years ago it voted Chinese exclusion in the teeth of a treaty with China; and the Supreme Court held that it had the power to do so. But President Wilson has expressed other views about the sanctity of treaties. In fact, the whole world just now is crying out shame on the violators of solemn treaties. It may seem to the Senate that this is a good time for the United States to do a little violating of its own. But it may seem to the President exactly the time to make a stand and veto the bill.

Mr. Wilson's duty will be the plainer, and his course the easier, if the offensive and treaty-breaking amendment is left in the Immigration bill as it emerges from conference between the two Houses. Even if it is eliminated at last, it will have served to show what is the true animus of those who have been pushing this measure. The so-called literacy test has been only a device, an excuse. Those clear-sighted enough to see the facts have been certain from the first that the literacy test was a disguise. It was merely a convenient mask for the exclusionists. They were attempting indirectly, and under the pretence of seeking to improve the quality of immigrants, to do what they were not yet ready to avow openly as their purpose. Beginning by keeping out a few foreigners, they would like to end by keeping out all. This really lay tacit all along in their efforts to impose the reading test. And we see now that, whenever the chance was given for the intolerant exclusionist spirit to show itself, it did so in all its native ugliness.

If the bill is agreed to by both Houses, as it now seems certain to be, President Wilson's position will confessedly be trying. The bill, in its main drift, is a codifying measure, bringing together our scattered immigration laws. If this were all, there could be no objection to the President's signing it, illiberal though some of those laws are. But with provisions so insincere and inhumane and unsound and actually treaty-breaking fastened upon the bill, we have no one to look to now but the President to keep the country, not only true to its historic position, but from the commission of a grievous wrong. We strongly hope that he will take his courage in both hands, and will do what Cleveland and Taft did before—that is, veto the bill and appeal to the people to express their better mind about it.

IMPROVISING THE WORK OF YEARS.

The majority report of the Senate Committee on Commerce, favoring the Ship Purchase bill, which has now been made the unfinished business before the Senate, goes over the old arguments. We have no high-seas merchant marine worth speaking of. It is a shame and a disgrace for Americans to be dependent upon foreign shipping. It is a national peril, too, as we now have it vividly brought home to us. Steamships are lacking to send our goods abroad; freight rates have gone up enormously; we are daily suffering large losses which would not have been inflicted upon us if there had been an ample supply of merchantmen under the American flag. Ergo—and here comes the mighty jump—let the Government buy a few ships, not with the intention of remaining in the shipping business, least of all of "cut-throat competition" with private owners, but at least as a starter, a demonstration that we intend to "do something." The Senate Committee admits that the work ought to be done by private capital, but so long as this hesitates to come forward, why, there is nothing for it but that the Government must take the plunge.

It is needless to repeat the reasons which have many times been urged against such Governmental action. As a general principle, it is wise to suspect a public policy of which the chief defence is that it is a desperate resort. This the purchase of ships by the Government would confessedly be. No one regards it as desirable in itself; many think the plan unsound and dangerous; yet it is said that we must do something. But it is an old piece of political advice to be on your guard against public men who fall

back upon that excuse. It almost invariably means that they are in despair of doing the right thing, and are taking up with some makeshift, trusting to luck that it will not do very much harm.

Putting all this on one side, however, the fact remains obvious that what the Senate Committee recommends is the merest palliative. The investment by the Treasury of \$40,000,000 or so in ships would still leave us miles away from a systematic and thorough and enduring scheme to restore the American merchant marine. Even supposing that the difficulties of buying the ships without paying the usual Government two prices for them and of selecting their routes and regulating their operation and fixing their freight charges could be got over, we should have made the barest beginning. Viewed largely, and waiving the whole question of public policy involved, the plan is a mere toying with an immense problem. It is an endeavor to improvise a work which it would have taken a score of years to achieve, even if our best heads and ample capital had been applied to the task in the past, and which it will require the patient labor of many years to come finally to accomplish.

Nowhere in the Senate report, or in any other argument for the Shipping bill that we have seen, is there reference to the way in which the great merchant fleets of Germany and England and other maritime nations have actually been built up. The thing has been done bit by bit and step by step. Brains and money have been put to the job for generations. Skill, inventiveness, infinite painstaking, enterprise, daring, high specialization, standardizing, willingness to wait for rewards—all have gone into the great but slowly attained success, which it is now dreamed that the United States can duplicate merely by buying a few ships with public funds! Admittedly, ships can be bought, but can shipbuilding efficiency be ordered in an appropriation bill? Can the Secretary of the Treasury go out and buy priceless experience? Is even the strongest and richest Government able to play jugglers' tricks, by drawing out of its purse the special abilities which, in the nature of the case, it takes long years to train and make available?

A suggestive parallel to this notion that we can create out of hand what is really the slow growth of time may be found in our experience in the matter of dyestuffs, the supply of which from abroad was temporarily cut off by the war. The matter is referred to in a lively manner by the *Little*

Journal, "published occasionally" by the Arthur D. Little Company, of Boston. In the latest issue there is an article on "Dye-stuffs à la Minute." It speaks of the demand, along in August, for the "immediate inauguration" of an American coal-tar industry which should relieve this country from depending upon Germany for supplies. This was as "humiliating" as our dependence upon foreign ships; and if the Senate had happened to take up the question of dyestuffs—it may do that next—it would doubtless have advised going out and buying complete works. In fact, many Americans had at first an idea that they could set up the coal-tar industry over-night. But they speedily found out that, as the *Little Journal* says,

The German coal-tar industry is an exceedingly highly organized one, the various branches of which are minutely specialized and closely inter-related. It is not the sort of industry to be developed while you wait unless you are willing to wait a long time. We waited several decades in vain under a thirty per cent. tariff.

This is not to say that nothing can be done here. Some special products of the kind are being made in this country, and doubtless will be in increasing volume and numbers, as time passes; but it is folly to think that we can extemporize either dyestuffs or ships.

WILSON'S SECOND YEAR

The march of events is no respecter of the calendar; but it happens that the beginning of the year 1914 coincided with the close of what may, in a very real sense, be called the first chapter in the story of Mr. Wilson's career as President. The achievements which so remarkably signalized that chapter were the putting through of those two acts of legislation contemplated by the Democratic party which bristled with the greatest difficulties, and which required the most strenuous exercise of leadership on the part of the President and of coöperation on the part of his coadjutors in Congress. With the Tariff act passed in October, and the Banking and Currency act just before Christmas, Mr. Wilson entered upon the new year with the heaviest of the loads he had so long borne—and compelled Congress to bear—off his shoulders. The Trust legislation was, by comparison, an easy matter to face; and accordingly, if all went well, the President might be supposed to have had a right, this day a year ago, to look forward to a twelvemonth of merely routine difficulties, and of fairly smooth sailing.

Dis aliter visum; it has been in the international field, not the domestic, that the most serious trials and cares of President Wilson have presented themselves; and these have allied the year 1914 with burdens and problems that nobody contemplated when he was made the candidate of the Democratic party. One part, the Mexican trouble, was in prospect long before the close of 1913; but the policy of "watchful waiting" did not reach a stage of acute difficulty until last spring. During all of the time when Mr. Wilson was giving to the country that extraordinary exhibition of personal power which went to the passing of the two great legislative measures, he was able to brush aside the Mexican question as one that he hoped might solve itself. And the President's first year presented the spectacle of his steady rise to a foremost place among the historic leaders of American politics, and the establishment of a reputation for power in statecraft seldom if ever achieved in so short a space of time. In spite of the hard road that his Mexican policy has been forced to travel, there was hardly raised even the faintest sound of challenge, in his own party, of his preëminent position. But the high hopes raised by the outcome of the A B C mediation, and the satisfaction derived from the final withdrawal of Huerta, have been followed by a period of dismal and chaotic developments in Mexico; and this has combined with the distress and discontent accompanying the great war in Europe to induce a somewhat different state of mind, for the time being.

How deeply, during the past five months, the many aspects of the great world-conflict have pressed upon the President's attention, it would be quite superfluous to set forth. That his judgment has been sound in every point, it would be most rash to assert. But while few even of his staunchest supporters would contend that his course has been perfect in every point, hardly any even of his political opponents would dispute either the lofty purpose or the earnest and competent thought which has guided his actions and his words. The unquestioned sincerity of his devotion to the cause of peace is to-day one of the real factors that enter into the world-situation, a factor which may, at any moment, be of decisive influence on the development of events. How far removed this is from the merely well-intentioned manifestation of a virtuous sentiment, Mr. Wilson showed clearly by the prompt quietus he put upon the happy-thought efforts that were made early in the war to promote a move for a settlement; eagerly as he will welcome a

real opportunity to serve in that behalf, he knows the folly of dissipating that opportunity by premature attempts sure to be abortive. In the meanwhile, a hundred phases of the neutrality problem have to be met; and in addition to this, our diplomatic representatives are called upon to play a most important part in alleviating the distress, and, so far as possible, smoothing over the difficulties, of citizens of the warring nations in hostile lands.

What might have happened during these months of trial, what might yet happen during the terrible months still before the world, if the head of the nation were a man of inferior intellect, or of a character or temperament less representative of the best ideals and the soberest thought of the country, is a consideration that may well give us pause when we are again confronted with the task of choosing a man for the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. It is a trite and commonplace saying that the American Presidency is the greatest office in the world. Whether this be literally true or not, there is no act of election performed by any people in the world, or by any representative body, that compares, in point of the incalculable possibilities involved in it, with the election of a President of the United States. He is chosen for a fixed term of four years; and, no matter what strange turns of fate may occur within that period, it is upon him that the guidance of the nation's policy will depend, in a degree far transcending any formal definition of his Constitutional powers. In times of crisis the difference between a weak or rash or wrong-headed man and a strong, prudent, right-minded man in the Presidency may mean all the difference between welfare and disaster, between glory and dishonor, for the nation. And no man can foresee when that crisis is to come, nor what may be its nature.

TWO ILL-PAID PROFESSIONS.

Paul Fort, who some years back received the title of Prince of Poets at the hands of his fellow-practitioners in Paris, is reported to have applied to his publishers the other day for an advance of three francs on a new volume of verse to be published after the war. It may be merely a good story, but it scarcely exaggerates the pitiful state of destitution to which the great body of poets, artists, musicians, and writers, in the larger part of Europe, has been reduced by the war. There is actual starvation in the studios and ateliers. In Berlin the situation became critical almost from the first day of mobiliza-

tion, and relief measures had to be set on foot. Because the artist is not on the same footing with the 'longshoreman and factory hand as an economic factor, a far-seeing Government did not discern the necessity of providing for him. He has thus been thrown upon private charity. Well-to-do citizens of Berlin entertain artists at table and, we believe, special dining-halls have been set up for their benefit. In Paris, art students and graduates are dining in state on vegetable stews purchased out of a common "fund." In England conditions are a good deal better, but there, too, the demand for artistic services has been cut down.

This great war, which has put so many accepted traditions and sayings to the test, has thus apparently revealed the hollowness of that very fluent phrase about life's finding its most perfect expression through the poet, painter, and musician. If it is true that art reaches down deepest into the roots of our being, why should the artist be the first one to starve in times of emergency? Workers in various fields of the imagination are now asking themselves ruefully whether they really play a part in the full economy of life or whether they are only parasites; whether they really do minister to the inner needs of man or only to his idleness and his vanity. It will not do to say that in times of stress like the present people dispense first of all with luxuries. The contention has been all along that art is not a luxury. It would be reasonable that in these bitter times the people of Paris or Berlin should learn to do with less food than usual, with cheaper and older clothes, with fewer creature comforts; whereas precisely in times of psychic stress, of general and personal sorrow, people need the stimulus and solace of music, books, and beautiful pictures. It will not do to argue that it is unseemly for the stay-at-homes to make merry while men are dying in the trenches. That again is confession that the function of art is mere distraction, amusement, instead of the high mission of giving meaning and color to life.

But if the artist now in eclipse will reflect—and he has plenty of leisure for reflection—he will find that he is not the only victim of the world's capricious and insincere affections. And this may help him to understand, if not to be consoled; for your improvident artist is too good-hearted a fellow to take comfort in the misfortune of others. Yet there is the case. Take the one man who is just as much to the front as the artist is in retirement, the very man who is directly responsible for the artist's eclipse, namely, the soldier. Upon the man in the

trenches the attention of the world is now bent with an intensity unapproached in the case of any other profession in times of peace. The soldier holds the centre of the stage more completely than the late Richard Mansfield ever believed possible. Upon him all the hopes of a people are concentrated. To him goes out all manner of spiritual tribute—admiration, outspoken praise; all manner of physical tributes—food, tobacco, chocolates, socks. Adoring women never embroidered slippers for Franz Liszt as women now knit for the men in the trenches. The fighting man fills the eye of the world.

But in times of peace? Even in militarist Europe there is no overwhelming regard for the man in the ranks. The officer's uniform does exercise a certain fascination and prestige, but the ordinary mass of "cannon fodder" is regarded with a good-natured toleration in the enlightened circles which are most devoted to those arts that are supposed to give real meaning to life. A good-natured, flat-footed, loutish sort of person is the common soldier in quiet times; chiefly available as a subject for the comic journals, where his social level is alongside the cook. As for England and other non-militarist countries, Mr. Kipling told the story long ago; it's "Thank you, Mr. Atkins," only when the band begins to play. The change is dramatic. Here, in bouncing times of peace, the British Tommy must be content to watch the music-hall artist from a seat in the topmost gallery. And then some one declares war against some one, and Tommy stands irradiated and rather blinking in the limelight.

So our artist, as he draws his belt tighter and looks out of the window and whistles, may be struck with the fact that of all occupations his own and the soldier's are the most subject to violent vicissitudes in the way of public esteem, and are never well paid in worldly things. And the innate common-sense of the world is revealed in the way it rewards its two most eminent professions. They stand at opposite extremes. The artist ministers to man when man rises above himself to universal and exalted sentiment. The soldier represents man when man sinks beneath himself to the passions of the jungle. You can't pay in hard cash for such elemental and unappraisable services. So you pay for them in "psychic values," applause and crowns of bay for the poet in times of peace, applause and crowns of laurel for the soldier in time of war. But the poet must always be prepared for a garret death-bed and the soldier for a nameless grave in a ditch.

Chronicle of the War

Except in Alsace, there is little to report along the western front. Trench warfare has continued, but the offensive of the Allies has suffered abatement on account of the incessant rains. Slight progress, however, appears to have been made against the German defence in several places. Attempts of the Germans to retake the village of St. Georges, to the east of Nieuport, the capture of which we recorded last week, have apparently been abandoned, and Allied progress is reported to the north of Lambaertzyde. German points of support southeast of Zonnebeke, on the road between Becelaere and Paschendaele, have also been captured. In the Argonne, the name of Mesnil-les-Hurlus, where there has been constant fighting for weeks, has again recurred frequently in the dispatches, and Monday's official French announcement reported the capture of several German points of support in that region. The capture of Steinbach, which, after repeated denials of any French success there, has finally been conceded by Berlin, marks an advance of some importance. The French have already gained possession of heights to the west of Sennheim, and the capture of this place would throw open the road to Mülhausen, which they reached in the disastrous invasion in the first two weeks of the war. To call attention, however, to the fact that Steinbach is only thirty miles from the Rhine, as English commentators have joyfully done, is decidedly premature. Even after the arrival of the new British army in the spring, it is exceedingly doubtful whether any serious attempt will be made to force the almost impregnable fortifications that guard the Rhine.

In the east, the Russian armies in Galicia have followed up vigorously the victories gained over the Austrians, which we recorded last week. In the direction of Cracow they have advanced again to the Biala River, south of Tarnow. Thence we may trace their front southwards to the neighborhood of Gorlice, where there has been heavy fighting, and eastwards to a point north of Dukla, where a struggle has been in progress, presumably for the command of the Dukla Pass over the Carpathians. Fighting has also taken place for the possession of the Uzsok Pass, further east, on a line drawn due south from Przemyśl. From an Austrian statement that "to the west of this Pass all other passages over the Carpathians are occupied by our troops," we may gather the admission that to the east of the Uzsok Pass the passages of the Carpathians are in Russian hands. Russian occupation of Bukowina, indeed, is practically complete. Czernowitz, the capital, which has changed hands two or three times, is again in the possession of the Russians, and they have extended their progress to Suczawa, on the Rumanian frontier.

From East Prussia scarcely any news has come of late, and we may presume that a stale-mate has been reached on that frontier comparable with the situation in France and Flanders. In Poland the situation appears to be not very different. The German capture of Borjlmow, however, if confirmed, is important. As we write there exists some doubt about the matter, as the occupation of this position, which was reported from Ber-

lin in the official announcement of Sunday night, was flatly denied by the Russian official report of the following day, the latter declaring that the German assault on the position was repulsed, with "enormous losses." If the Berlin account is accurate, which from later dispatches appears extremely doubtful, the advance is important, as it means that the Germans have been able to cross the Rawka River, Borjilmow being some four miles to the eastward of the confluence of the Rawka and Bzura Rivers, and commanding the main road from Lowicz to Warsaw.

Apart from this reported German success, the general positions in Poland have remained virtually unchanged, and the fact that no attempt at an offensive has been made by the Russians in this region seems to indicate the Russian plan of campaign. The Allies in the west are in a position to take care of themselves, and Russia, who, as we have pointed out on previous occasions, has displayed again and again a notable altruism in coöperating with her allies, is now able to fight primarily for her own hand. For Russia, Austria is the important enemy, and the occupation of Bukowina, the renewed invasion of Hungary, and the westward drive in Galicia, point to the conclusion that it is the Russian intention to deal first with the Dual Monarchy and complete the defeat of its armies. Meanwhile the Grand Duke Nicholas will be content if he can maintain the line in Poland approximately where it is at present. Incidentally, if the drive towards Cracow be continued successfully, it is probable that the pressure in Poland will automatically be relieved, as with the right wing of the Teutonic Allies bent back on Cracow, Gen. von Hindenburg would be compelled again to withdraw his troops from Poland for the protection of the Posen and Silesian frontiers.

The tremendous nature of the task with which Russia is faced has been inadequately appreciated. Except when attention has been called to definite Austrian defeats or victories, there has been a tendency, perhaps not unnatural, rather to ignore the importance of the resources of that country to the Teutonic alliance. Full credit has been given to Germany for the tenacity and ability with which she is conducting a fight on two fronts; less than sufficient credit has been allowed to Russia, who is fighting on three fronts against as many countries. Attention is called to this aspect of the situation by the recent rise to some importance of the Turkish campaign. Russia has gained an important victory in Transcaucasia, which seems to have been one of the most clean-cut of the war, since an entire Turkish army corps is reported to have surrendered. It is, however, significant to notice that Turkish armies, apparently invading from two points, from Erzerum and from the coast, have penetrated, in the one case, at Sarykamysch, twenty miles, and in the other case, at Ardahan, which was reported taken, fifty miles, within Russian territory. The Turkish invasion, as a diversion intended to cause the withdrawal of troops from Poland and Galicia, seems to have failed completely.

At sea the only event of importance to record is the sinking of the British battleship Formidable in the English Channel on January 1. Some two hundred of the crew were saved.

Foreign Correspondence

ADMIRAL FISHER'S SHORT WAY WITH USELESS SHIPS—DUBLIN LOYALISTS —SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S BREAKFASTS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, December 19.

When, ten years ago, Admiral Fisher took the tiller at the Admiralty, there was still in vogue the consecrated practice of retaining on the navy list the names of old ships whose build and armament were hopelessly out of date. Every one concerned knew that in actual warfare they would be absolutely of no use. But with their fine, high-sounding names, the complement of their crews, and the number of their guns tabulated, they made a fine show, comforting the House of Commons and the taxpayer with the assurance that, as in Nelson's time, England still ruled the waves. The new Sea Lord, constitutionally hostile to make-believe in any form, would have none of this. He instituted a rigid inquiry into the condition and the capacity of all ships of a certain age. If they were found useless, creating a feeling of unfounded confidence in the strength of the navy, he just had them struck off the list. "Scrapping," it was called in the hot controversy that arose in Parliamentary and in naval circles. The effect upon the navy was analogous to that of a tree subjected to severe pruning at the hands of a skilful gardener. Reduced in bulk, tree and navy are by the process equally revived and strengthened. It would have been a poor lookout for the country if, in the present hour of peril, some of the hulks Admiral Fisher sent to the scrap heap half a dozen years ago, still figuring on the active list, had come across German warships, whether in the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Announcement of the resignation of the Earl of Aberdeen of the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland will come with greater shock of surprise in London than in Dublin. In the latter city there have been for some time rumors of increased activity on the part of the Orange Tory section of society in their familiar business of "making things hot" for a Liberal Viceroy. Indication of this underground of conspiracy was cited in this column five weeks ago. In a private letter, which by procedure not unfamiliar in Irish politics was abstracted and published in facsimile in the newspapers, Lady Aberdeen expressed apprehension of the existence of "a bit of a plot among the Unionists to capture the Red Cross Society in Ireland, and to run it in such a way from London through county lieutenants and deputy lieutenants that it will be unacceptable to the Irish Volunteers." In accordance with party tactics nothing was more natural or more likely. Disclosure of the plot was nevertheless bitterly resented.

Having enjoyed opportunity during two consecutive visits to the Vice-Regal Lodge when Lord Crewe, then Lord Houghton, was Lord Lieutenant of studying the question on the spot, I know something of the systematic ill-mannered conduct of the self-styled Loyalists towards the representative of their sovereign, who happens also to be a Home Ruler. The gentle persuasive manner of Lord Aberdeen, the energy and self-sacrifice with which Lady Aberdeen has thrown her-

self into a variety of good work designed to promote the welfare of the laboring classes in Ireland, might have been counted upon to deliver them from this odious form of persecution. The anticipation has not been realized. During his nine years' residence at the Vice-Regal Lodge, the Lord Lieutenant has found himself thwarted in the performance of his duties with an asperity tempered only by apprehension of legal consequences. The same evil spirit hovered round Lady Aberdeen's unwearied efforts, whether in connection with the Irish Industries Association, of which she was the founder, in her crusade against the ravages of consumption, or in other good works on behalf of the poor to which through these long years she has devoted herself. It seems a pity that on the eve of the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland Lord Aberdeen should tacitly acknowledge defeat due to these machinations. The outburst of popular regret that followed upon announcement of his pending resignation should encourage him to defer it till the opening of the first Home Rule Parliament in Dublin.

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, the story of whose blameless and useful life is told in two portly volumes just published by Macmillan, was one of two contemporaries who for a while doggedly preserved the custom established by Sam Rogers of entertaining their friends at breakfast. Mr. Gladstone's parties in Downing Street characteristically partook of business engagements, their recurrence being utilized for the convenience of conversation with persons concerned in current politics. Lubbock kept closer to the pattern set by the poet-banker, his guests being chiefly literary or scientific men. It must be confessed that they were rather dismal entertainments, a result directly and entirely due to the uncanny hour of day at which they took place. Mr. Chamberlain, invited on one occasion, made answer that he would be delighted to meet and converse with Sir John and his guests. "But," he added, "the hour proposed for the festivity should, I think, be consecrated by civilized humanity to sleep."

Sir John honored me by invitation through a succession of years. I finally excused myself on the score, accurately set forth, that the engagement trenched upon the custom imposed upon me at the time of doing a day's work before I went down to the House of Commons in the afternoon to begin another. I remember one wintry morning in March, having got up in the dead of the night to keep an engagement in Berkeley Square at 9:30, catching a glimpse of Andrew Lang at the further end of the Square. He seemed to be performing a new morning game. As he passed the houses on the way down, he walked languidly up the steps, read the number on the door, and descended the steps with increasing dejection in face and figure. "I know what is the matter with you, my dear Lang," I said, coming up with him. "You are going to breakfast with Sir John Lubbock." "Yes, I am," he moaned, "and what's almost worse I've forgotten the number of his house."

On this matter of detail I was able to be of service. But he did not during the visit recover from the shock. Rarely disposed to beam with joy in general company, he sat through breakfast the picture of silent woe, more than usually bored to death with a world in which other people presumed to live.

The New Papacy

POPE BENEDICT'S ENCYCLICAL—INDICATION OF THE LINES OF POLICY WHICH HE WILL FOLLOW.

ROME, December 4.

After all the conjectures, some of them well founded, that have been made in regard to the lines of policy which the lately elected Pope will follow, his somewhat belated Encyclical, first published in the *Osservatore Romano* of November 17, though bearing the date of November 1, has given to the world sufficiently precise information, except for a few points which without doubt he has purposely left obscure. The general satisfaction that has greeted the first important public utterance of Benedict XV has surely by this time found expression in America. But since such expressions, especially on the part of Catholic journals and dignitaries, are always accepted with a certain reserve, it will not be out of place, writing from the centre of Roman Catholicism, to illustrate, primarily for the information of non-Catholic readers, some passages of this truly memorable document, and to suggest reasons for believing that the satisfaction so generally expressed has been quite sincere.

I.

Perhaps the first trait of the Encyclical *Ad Beatissimi* to attract the attention of persons well versed in ecclesiastical affairs is that it is almost entirely taken up with the internal life and government of the Church. To the present world-struggle and crisis some allusion was, of course, unavoidable. The prayers for peace uttered by his saintly predecessor, Pope Benedict has twice repeated, once just after his accession and again in the present Encyclical. But the many who expected a political treatise on the international situation were doomed to disappointment. As M. Gabriel Hanotaux has written in the *Paris Figaro* for November 20, the Pope, in enumerating the evils to which the war is due, has called attention to the gravest of them, which, so far from being of a dogmatic nature, are rather to be classed as social or even economic. His first animadversion is upon the lack among men of a sincere love for their fellow-men; but secondly and chiefly, quoting St. Paul's words, "Radix omnium malorum est cupiditas," he denounces greed of gain and desire of worldly possessions as the one evil in modern society from which most of its woes arise. In fact, the distinguished French statesman and Academician asserts that in this way the Pope ranges himself against the gross German materialism and worship of brute force that have been the cause of the European conflict. "En s'exprimant ainsi, le Pape aborde franchement le vrai problème, et son âme latine s'oppose avec force au système brutalement hostile au genre humain et grossièrement matérialiste dont l'Allemagne se réclame sans hésiter. . . . Et concluons: le Saint-Père a pris position autant qu'il pouvait le faire;

il s'est prononcé contre les odieux principes de la politique et de la morale allemandes." It cannot be denied that this is at least a possible deduction from the Pontiff's utterance. At any rate, if his own feelings on the international war are to be gathered from the Encyclical, it is in this sense that they must be interpreted.

The allusion to the political independence of the Holy See, on which a declaration of some sort was to be expected, is contained in the following words:

The Church, surely for too long a time, has been without that full liberty which she requires; that is, ever since her head, the Roman Pontiff, came to lack that material power of which, by divine providence, she had in the course of ages become possessed, to the end that this same liberty might be maintained. The removal of such power was needs followed by a grave perturbation on the part of Catholics. For all who, far or near, profess themselves sons of the Roman Pontiff most justly demand that their common Father should beyond peradventure both appear and actually be free from all human power in the exercise of his apostolic mission. Therefore, while earnestly praying that the warring nations may soon make peace, We likewise pray that the Head of the Church may cease to be in this abnormal condition, which, for more than one reason, is of serious harm to the world's peace. Accordingly, the protests which Our predecessors, for no considerations of human policy, but induced thereto by the duties of their sacred office, in order to safeguard the rights and dignity of the Apostolic See, have more than once made on this subject, We hereby for the same reason renew.*

The general opinion on this subject has been that it is nothing more than was to be expected, that the language is guarded and moderate, and that it contains nothing that need be interpreted as anti-Italian or temporalistic. The statement that the Holy See is now in an equivocal and abnormal position, against which Catholics the world over have not ceased to protest, and that its liberties have been (somewhat) compromised and its freedom of action (somewhat) curtailed, is only the plain truth. If a claim to the temporal power be involved, it is only by indirection and interpretation. And the assertion of the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan that this protest of Benedict XV against the condition of the Papacy since 1870 is

*Ecclesia sane iam multo diutius non ea, qua opus habet, plena libertate fruitur; scilicet ex quo Caput eius Pontifex Romanus illo cepit carere praesidio, quod, divinae providentiae nutu, labentibus saeculis nactus erat ad eandem tuendam libertatem. Hoc autem sublato praesidio, non levis catholicorum turbatio, quod necesse erat fieri, secuta est: quicumque enim Romani Pontificis se filios profitentur, omnes, et qui prope sunt et qui procul, iure optimo exigunt ut nequeat dubitari, quin communis ipsorum Parens in administratione Apostolici muneris vere sit et prorsus appareat ab omni humana potestate liber. Ita magnopere exoptantes ut pacem quam primum gentes inter se componant, exoptamus etiam ut Ecclesiae Caput in hac desinat abscondicione versari, qua ipsi tranquillitati populorum, non uno nomine, vehementer nocet. Hac igitur super re, quas Decessores Nostri pluries exposulationes fecerunt, non quidem humanis rationibus, sed officii sanctitate adducti, ut videlicet iura ac dignitatem Sedis Apostolicae defenderent, easdem Nos iisdem de causis hic renovamus.

more pronounced and circumstantial than any that have ever gone forth from the Vatican, is certainly erroneous, especially in view of the modifying clause that it is only a repetition of the protests made by his predecessors. If the question be asked, how do Italian and other Catholics, as well as impartial outsiders, who maintain to a certain extent the justice of the Pope's contentions, reconcile them with the Italian Government's determination, also justifiable, never to admit them? the answer is, merely by confession and avoidance. The one side feels that it must assert a claim which the other cannot admit, and the majority of Catholics in and out of Italy have by this time resigned themselves to seeing the two antagonisms confront each other in an *impasse* of indefinite duration.

The sentence in which the Pope prays at the same time for peace and for the cessation of the present unsatisfactory situation of the Holy See, has revived the speculations (see the *Nation*, December 10, last, page 683) about his intention of demanding a representation in the congress that will meet to settle the affairs of Europe at the end of the war, with the object of securing his liberties by an international guarantee. It was said then that these conjectures were not taken very seriously here, especially those that made the Pope's participation depend on Italy's neutrality throughout the war. But with this significant juxtaposition in the Encyclical, the possibility cannot be denied that he intended to insinuate such a purpose. This inference, however, must remain doubtful until the event.

Whatever may be the truth in these speculations, they have little to do with the momentous character of the Encyclical, which, as I have already remarked, is chiefly concerned with the interior life and government of the Church. In this aspect it may be resolved into two general headings which I now proceed to discuss.

II.

The first and more obvious of these headings, which has been amply treated in the Italian secular press, refers to the Pope's determination to suppress the divisions and factions in the Church, which have been a scandal to right-minded Catholics and a derision to the profane and unbelieving world. With the preliminary caution that they have little or nothing to do with the long-standing dissensions between certain religious orders, and between the regular and secular clergy, it may be said that the most noteworthy and harmful of these factions are characterized by the titles Integralism, Papalism, and Episcopalism. Integralism originated in Spain, the source of so many other forms of religious intransigence, and was the consequence of the long agitation that issued in the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. As is well known, this dogma aroused great discontent among many liberally disposed Catholics, and even led to the schism of the Old Catholic party headed by Döllinger. The object of the Integralists was to declare and prove them-

selves integral with the Pope on every question and in all circumstances; and their exaggerations and extravagances antagonized many who would otherwise never have thought of setting up a (seemingly) anti-Papal party, and who, in matter of fact, have never opposed the Pope on any important religious or dogmatic question. Although some Jesuits have taken part in the movement, it is quite erroneous to identify them with it as an order. Indeed, a prominent American Jesuit, Fr. Maxsey, professor at the Gregorian University at Rome, has lately published in *America*, a Jesuit paper printed in New York, an article in which he strongly condemns it. The party is numerous in Italy, where it is represented by two journals, the *Unità Cattolica* of Florence and the *Riscossa* of Breganze. In France, where it also has a large following, its organ is a paper called the *Vigie*. Of Papalism it is enough to say that, although a vaguer term than Integralism and less representative of a party, it amounts to much the same thing.

Episcopalism is not a name that a party has called itself, but one that the Bishop of Como applied a few years ago in a pastoral letter to those Catholics who, he said, were for setting up an opposition to the Pope in favor of their bishops. Of course, such movements, dangerous to the authority of the Roman See, have occasionally arisen in the Church, the best-known instance, perhaps, being that of Gallicanism in France. However, in so far as there was any ground for his assertions, such Episcopalism was the reaction against the invasion of episcopal prerogatives which characterized the reign of Pius X, and which I shall deal with in the sequel.*

There were, also, speaking of partisanship in the Church, two factions which, for special reasons, obtained their most pronounced development in Germany; the one, in the matter of labor organizations of a social or benevolent nature, standing for societies composed of none but Catholics (the "Confessionalists"), the other for the union therein of both Catholics and Protestants (the "anti-Confessionalists"). The former group was patronized by Cardinal Kopp, Archbishop of Breslau, and was sometimes for this reason called the Breslau party; the latter was upheld by Cardinal Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne, and was called by the name of that city. On the general issue Pius X had pronounced in favor of exclusively Catholic membership, but for Germany was constrained, on account of the political and numerical strength of the Catholics in Rhenish Prussia, to admit the mixed organizations.

Now, in the Encyclical the Pope has condemned all these factions, and their factious-

*The condemnation of the Modernists, the only party which the Encyclical calls by name, was almost a matter of course. Modernism is a somewhat vague term, which has been given by some obscurantists to almost every form of historical and textual criticism of the Scriptures, and sometimes even to the reading of them. But it is generally considered that the Pope's anathema is directed against the extreme modernism represented by Tyrrell and Loisy, which involves a form of rationalism that Catholicism can never tolerate.

ness, in language so explicit that he might almost as well have called them by name:

In the first place, since in every society formed by men, for whatsoever purpose, it is supremely useful for its members to strive unitedly for the success of the common cause, it is Our duty to see to it that all dissensions and discords among Catholics, of whatever kind, should presently cease, and should not arise in the future; but that they should be one in mind and act. . . . And likewise let no private person, in books, journals, or public speeches, set himself up as an authority in the Church.

Then, having carefully guarded this prohibition by saying that it is not intended to forbid discussions, so they be temperate and charitable, of matters that do not concern the fundamentals of faith and discipline, he proceeds:

It is Our will that our people abstain from the use of those appellations that have lately come into use for distinguishing some Catholics from others. . . . Let it be enough for each one thus to make his profession: "Christian is my name, Catholic my surname"; and let it be his only endeavor to be that which he is called.*

These words are plain enough to require no gloss. I need only observe that the allusion to journals is especially significant, as certain periodicals, in some cases with high ecclesiastical backing, had become intolerable in their pretensions to speak with authority on any theological topic whatsoever.

There is, secondly, a paragraph towards the end which most readers have doubtless taken as a mere routine admonition—in fact, I have not seen it mentioned in any newspaper—but which I am assured on excellent authority is the passage from which the Encyclical chiefly derives its character:

But there is one subject that cannot be passed over in silence. We wish to admonish all priests, as being our dearly beloved sons, how needful it is to their own salvation and to the fruition of their sacred ministry, that each should be most closely allied and obedient to his bishop. Assuredly, as we have above deplored, not all ministers of religion are free from the pride and contumacy that belong to these times; nor does it rarely happen to the Pastors of the Church to suffer pain and enmity from those of whom they expect comfort and aid. Now let such as are thus miserably derelict again and again reflect that their power is from God, whom "the Holy Spirit hath made bishops to feed the Church of God"; and if, as we have seen, they disobey God who disobey any law-

*Principio, quoniam in omni hominum societate, quavis de causa coiverint, ad successum communis causae maxime interest socios in idem summa conspiratione committi, omnino Nobis faciendum est ut dissensiones atque discordiae inter catholicos, quaecumque sunt, desinant esse; novae ne posthac oriantur; sed si iam unum idemque omnes et sentiant et agant. . . . Item nemo privatus, vel libris diariisve vulgandis vel sermonibus publice habendis, se in Ecclesia pro magistro gerat. . . . Abstineant se etiam nostri, volumus, his appellationibus, quae recens usurpari coeptae sunt ad catholicos a catholicis distinguendos: easque non modo devitent uti profanas vocum novitates, quae nec veritati congruunt nec sequuntur; sed etiam quia inde inter catholicos perturbatio sequitur, magnaue confusio. . . . Satis habet unusquisque ita profiteri: "Christianus mihi nomen, catholicus cognomen"; tantum student se re vera eum esse, qui nominatur.

ful power, so much the more impious is their deed who are disobedient to their bishops, whom God has consecrated by the seal of his power.*

III.

In my last letter, to which I have already alluded, I wrote that certain changes in the Roman Congregations would probably soon be made, especially in the Congregation of the Consistory, and explained how this Congregation, by the Reform of Pius X in 1908, had been enormously increased in power and importance by adding to its functions those of nominating bishops and of the direction of seminaries for the education of priests. Not only this, but since the bishops thus became its creatures, it found the means, through its indefatigable secretary, Cardinal De Lai, to interfere with them in such manner as to reduce their authority to a minimum; and it was not long before De Lai began, in addition to his interference, to issue to them positive orders for their guidance in the rule of their dioceses. Ambitious and insubordinate priests were not slow to see their chance, and by a journey or a letter to Rome could often obtain instructions without the knowledge, much less the consent, of their bishops. The evil was increased by the existence of four or five private secretaries of the Pope, forming the "Secreteriola," as it was called in Rome, which it was one of the first acts of Benedict XV to abolish. These secretaries also took it upon themselves to issue orders and decisions pretending to emanate from the Pontiff, and thus created another opportunity for back-stairs intrigue.

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the conferring of these extraordinary powers upon the Congregation of the Consistory was part of a deeply laid scheme to stifle the local liberties of the Church by concentrating all authority in Rome. Cardinal De Lai, together with his two colleagues, Merry del Val and Vives y Tuto, was a trusted adviser of Pius X before the reform in question took place, and in all probability had much to do with it. With political affairs in the hands of the Secretary of State, Merry del Val, a small junta of cardinals did actually for a while rule with despotic power the universal church. It should be borne in mind that by the same reform England, Holland, Canada, and the United States were removed from the missionary jurisdiction of the Congregation of the Propaganda, and put into direct relations with the Holy See—that

*Unum tamen est quod praeteriri silentio non debet: quotquot enim sunt sacerdotes, omnes, uti filios Nobis penitus dilectos, volumus admonitos, quam plane opus sit, cum ad propriam ipsorum salutem, tum ad sacri ministerii fructum, eos quidem suo quemque Episcopo coniunctissimos esse, atque obsequentissimos. Profecto ab illa elatione animi et contumacia, quae horum est temporum, non omnes, ut supra deploravimus, vacant administri sacrorum; neque enim raro contingit Pastoribus Ecclesiae, ut dolorem et impugnationes inde inveniant unde solatium et adiumentum iure expectant. Iam vero qui tam misere officium deserunt, etiam atque etiam recogitent divinam esse eorum potestatem, quos Spiritus Sanctus posuit Episcopos regere Ecclesiam Dei, ac si, ut vidimus, Deo resistunt, quicumque potestati cuius legitimae resistunt, multo magis imple eos facere qui Episcopis, quos Deus suae potestatis sigillo consecraverit, parere abnuant.

is, under the Congregation of the Consistory. It is well known that in the government of its missionary dioceses the procedure of Propaganda is in a high degree informal and summary, dispensing at will with the laws and regulations that govern the dealings of the Roman See with the dioceses immediately in subjection to it, and making particular decrees for single cases take the place of a formal and codified jurisprudence. Thus the authority of the Consistory in countries directly subject to the Pope came to resemble that of Propaganda over missionary districts in *partibus infidelium*, with this difference, however, that whereas missionary bishops, on account of their remoteness and the peculiar conditions with which they have to deal, are allowed a considerable discretion, the bishops under the Roman hierarchy, especially in the countries most conveniently situated to Rome, tended to see their prerogatives gradually yield to the persistent invasions of the Consistory.

The gravity of the danger may be well illustrated from two letters written by Cardinal Newman to Pusey in 1867, which are quoted entire in Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Newman* (Vol. II, pp. 217-223). Pusey had asked Newman what Roman Catholics really held in respect of the powers of the Pope, and the latter replied, in substance, that, while the Pope was all-powerful in theory, or rather on principle, his power was very much limited in fact:

Two things happened while we were at Rome (says Newman) to illustrate what I mean. The Pope gave us [the English Oratorians] the Oratory of Malta, and this, mind, not by any claim of general jurisdiction over the Oratory and other religious bodies, which are his own creation. We were *talking* of taking possession (not that we had ever really made up our minds), when an experienced Jesuit at Propaganda said to us: "It is to your interest to go the *Bishop* of Malta. It is all very fine your having the Oratory there as a present from the Pope, but you will find when you get there that, in spite of the Pope's act, the Bishop is the greater man of the two." And since then I have always been struck with the great power of Bishops in their respective dioceses, even in England, where (as being under Propaganda) they have not the power they possess in Catholic countries. . . . The second instance which came before us when we were in Rome was this: The Pope told the Jesuit Father that he had appointed Dr. Wiseman Vicar Apostolic of London. It got about Rome, and at length was told by a lady in all simplicity to Cardinal Fransoni, Prefect of the Sacred College of Propaganda. He at once drew up and abruptly denied there was an appointment. He said the appointment belonged to Propaganda, to him, and the Pope could not interfere—and the Pope was obliged to give way—and Dr. Walsh was appointed instead. His abstract power is not a practical fact.

And Newman might have added that the bishopric destined by Pius IX for himself as Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland was never conferred because of the opposition of the Irish bishops.

It is clear, therefore, that the Pope's ex-

PLICIT condemnation of the disobedience of priests to their bishops, and his assertion of the sacredness of episcopal authority, is an implicit assurance that this authority is no longer to be interfered with, and that the great principle of local and distributed government, the only one that can insure a considerable measure of liberty under any polity, whether it be in theory democratic or monarchical, will be safeguarded during his reign.

H. E.

Poetry

THE NEW MANNER.

The Wheel of Life, Fioralisa, The Days of the Magnificent, The Happy Kingdom. By Arthur Maquarie. London: Bickers & Son.

The Congo and Other Poems. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

A Sister of the Wind. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Songs and Poems. By Martin Schütze. Chicago: The Laurentian Publishers.

Love and Liberation. By John Hall Wheelock. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. \$1.50.

Songs for the New Age. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Co.

Poems. By Edward Sandford Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Songs of Sixpence. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25 net.

Syrinx: Pastels of Hellas. By Mitchell S. Buck. New York: Claire Marie. \$1.25.

Mr. Arthur Maquarie is an interesting literary figure; a disappointing figure certainly, but what he disappoints is the rich expectation evoked by his rare gifts. He is least interesting in his lyrical volume, "*The Wheel of Life*." The poems have cleverness, incidental, almost accidental, accesses of melody, and a kind of damaged or disordered luxuriousness as of bruised fruits or spilt wine. But the coldness of the work is so profound and intimate that the simulation of passion, which is frequent, affects us like the mimicry of buds and leafage in frostwork. The author is most effective in a noticeable though unpleasant group of devil-may-care sonnets.

The dramas are far more significant. In his freedom and diversity of method, in his very language, Mr. Maquarie is a pupil of the Elizabethans. In the coruscating abundance of his wit and fancy he is more than their pupils: he is their heir. He has more yet: a facile, supple, and competent, if somewhat uninspired, blank verse, the free utterance which verse-drama so rarely recovers in our time, a shrewd psychology, and even the conveyance of passion by really dramatic touches in insulated moments. Antonio, the bastard, says grimly to his beseeching mother: "I owe thee nothing and I love thee not." Lorenzo, dying in his solitary cham-

ber, says simply: "Now must I fare alone." Naso, the toper, says: "I faith I know not what regret meaneth; and as for peace, I faith I want it not. I have served the devil well and faithfully, and therein have I found merriment and much good fellowship. 'Tis enough for me."

The merits I have specified are high, and Mr. Maquarie's plays would be well worth reading for the clearness of the demonstration they afford that gifts like these may co-exist with an almost complete absence of the essentials of dramatic power. Except in brief punctures left by some probing phrase, the dramatic tingle is all but imperceptible in these works, and the reader is confounded to perceive that plays so persistently spirited should fail so continuously to be vital. The ability to conserve and amass effects is undiscoverable: one drama is palmate, ramifying loosely in various directions; another is drawn out to twice its natural length by a sorry love-episode and two practical jokes inartistically elaborated; in a third, the halting and circuitous action terminates in a murder-scene, the intrinsic power of which is lost through ineptness.

Except in persons whose ruling trait is a cynical alertness or fleeing gayety, Mr. Maquarie's touch, in characterization, is petrific. The bare names of Lorenzo de Medici and Savonarola are more stirring than their portraits in "*The Days of the Magnificent*." The case may be summed up by saying that Mr. Maquarie is as poor in the primary gifts of the dramatist as he is rich in associate or reinforcing gifts. Ineffective in his own person, to the possessor of a dramatic instinct he would be the paragon of collaborators.

I. In which a Racing Auto comes from the East.

This is the order of the music of the morning:—

[To be sung delicately, to an improvised tune.]

First from the East comes but a crooning,
The crooning turns to a sunrise singing.

Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn. . . .

Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn. . . .

Hark to the pace-horn, chase-horn, race-horn.
And the holy veil of the dawn has gone.

[To be sung or read with great speed.]

The above is taken from Mr. Lindsay's "*Congo*." Any haste to brand as silly the experiment of a workman of proved competence in which the appearance of silliness is deliberately risked in the effort to widen an art is itself both silly and unjust. The obligation of candor, however, remains in force, and the honest critic must utter his mind with due reminders both to the world and himself that the satire of time has distributed its shafts pretty evenly between the headlong innovator and the lagging critic.

I confess, then, to some misgiving when I am invited by the margin to make "the o sounds very golden," to employ a "languorous" or a "terrified" whisper, or to speak "like a train-caller in a Union Depot." I

had supposed that one mark of high-class poetry was the fact that, in these particulars, the text was its own gloss. But, as Miss Munroe explains in her introduction, Mr. Lindsay is devising new things: a poetry that is largely elocution, and an elocution that is partly music. It occurs to me, again, that poetry as poetry is likely to thrive most when its responsibilities are heavy and undivided: I think misgivingly of the flatness of the text of popular songs and of the insipidity of librettos.

In reading some of Mr. Lindsay's poems aloud with a dutiful eye to the imperative margins, I have realized a species of pleasure, a prancing, noisy, boyish hilarity, which may very possibly be primitive or Congoesque. Even should these broad and bold effects gain for the book a curbstone popularity, a success of this type, for an artist like Mr. Lindsay, would be hardly distinguishable from failure, and the question remains as to whether his higher purposes have been unfortunate in their executant or in their reader.

Somewhat distinct from these elocutionary ventures is a body of eccentric, fantastic poems, Christmas-tree poems, homely or brusque poems, moon-simile poems, and the like. I conceive that a man's right to be peculiar hinges on the refusal of his constitution to be anything else; oddity, to be respectable, must be necessary. In this point, Mr. Lindsay's verse is inconclusive; the Lutheran "I cannot do otherwise" is not emblazoned on the work in those unmistakable characters which convince us that the anomalies are mandatory. One feels differently about the eccentric verse of Thackeray, Bret Harte, "Lewis Carroll," and Rudyard Kipling.

These poems have a broad and obvious attractiveness: the admission of higher merits must be deferred to a date when Mr. Lindsay has had time to educate his public. Meantime I please myself by recording that the two poems I enjoyed most, "The Leaden-Eyed" and "Love and Law," show no departure from established methods.

Miss Norton's volume contains a poem entitled "Mist-Maid," in which a woman leaves her lover's arms, wanders abroad amid enveloping mists, invokes the dim moon in mysterious orisons, and, after weeping "gray tears," returns to her first abode. Miss Norton, who is passionately attached to vague, soaring, firmamental symbolism, will indulge me if I apply this little parable to her own verse. She has left the arms of her true love ("real life"), has drifted hither and thither in the mists of far-sought emblems and enigmatic allegory, has offered obscure prayers to dim luminaries which afford no guidance on the path of life. The wise course is obvious enough: she should return to her lover's arms. The two following stanzas exhibit both the recurrent preciosities, and the daintiness, both rhythmical and phrasal, which is the compensatory merit.

And I have taken the sea-swing
(Though who can carry a wave?)
And I have taken the sea-song,
I shall sing it in my grave.

Encarnadined, incarnate,
Bred in the blood of me—
And I am one forever
With the earth and sky and sea.

Mr. Martin Schütze, whose technique varies between negligence and virtuosity, inclines to poetry of the floating and formless type in which a foam or spindrift of words is the final residuum in the reader's consciousness. His real gift, however, which he seems as yet not clearly to have identified, lies in the quite opposite field of presenting well-defined emotions with crisp succinctness. The muskiness of the following extract is little to my taste, but it is the best brief example of the combination of vivacious fancy with sure artistic pilotage:

I spoke of morns of love to her;
Her swelling lips were blushes, lo!
As if in them began to stir
The buds of life eager to blow.

I spoke of nights of love to her;
Her swelling bosom trembled, lo!
As if within began to stir
The buds of life eager to blow.

Mr. Wheelock adopts the custom of eighteenth-century potentates in admitting the public to a levee in his bedchamber. He treats with study and premeditation subjects which become excusable or enjoyable only when the feeling and its utterance are alike spontaneous; one should not subtilize the primitive. His self-repetition is Homeric or mediæval, and the monotony of his passion is as conspicuous as its morbidness. These are faults that make forbearance difficult; yet there is one poem in this unctuous volume from which stanzas can be quoted of whose authorship the best of our contemporary verse writers might be proud. The subject is "The Close of Mass":

The jewels and the tiara's rim
His carven forehead clasp and span,
But they have cramped and humbled him
Into a God who was a man—
The first since Time began. . . .
They have crowned Him with a fire of light,
With all the heavens for His seat,
They have made Him awful with might of might:
Where are the man's eyes still and sweet?
Where are the tired feet?

Mr. Oppenheim's "Songs for the New Age" is a book that purports to be novel, though the parentage of nearly every thought it embodies is traceable. It purports to be courageous, while it couches its audacities in forms so general or so equivocal that the risk of discredit is virtually eliminated. The best that can be said for its grandiosities is that they are shot with hyperboles which, in the mouth of a man who had proved to us that he loved truth and measure, might have been not wholly ineffective.

Mr. Martin's "Poems" may be welcomed by that fairly large class of worthy Americans who want fun, demand transparency and decency in the vehicle, and are indulgent to variations in quality. I emphasize the decency because Mr. Martin's evident willingness to appear mildly rakish has no effect on

the reader's unshakable conviction that he and his book are incorrigibly respectable. I emphasize the variations because, while Mr. Martin is casually and indolently clever, his inspirations are intermittent, and he does not stop writing in the intervals. His fondness for Latin phrase perfumes his work as with rosemary or wintergreen or other archaic fragrance, but, unfortunately, the class to whom these delicacies appeal will be alienated by certain opacities or hardnesses which affect a sensitive reader like a rap on the knuckles. He threatens in one place to "punch" a misbehaving reader "upon the needle."

Miss Brown's "Songs of Sixpence," for younger readers, are poems of the blowball variety, sometimes clever, sometimes only playful, superlative in good-nature and unimpeachably refined.

Mr. Buck's "Pastels of Hellas" are highly accomplished and softly undulating prose poems, inducing a luxurious stupor against which the mind eventually rebels. Their Hellenism will be most readily conceded by the unclassical.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Fashion and the Broad A

"There was a silence for a brief space, after my somewhat elaborate exposition of these self-evident analogies. Presently a person turned towards me—I do not choose to designate the individual—and said he rather expected my pieces had given pretty good 'sahtisfahction.'" Thus wrote the genial Autocrat in 1857. "Sahtisfahction" was then one of those expressions "that fix a man's position for you before you have done shaking hands with him"; a "prahctical mahn" was another. Nowadays such a pronunciation would simply mark the speaker as a probable Scotchman, but in the New England of 1840 to 1860 the broad *a*, a sound of comparatively recent introduction, was running riot through countrified and vulgar speech; in such words as *handsome*, *matter*, *Saturday*, one may still occasionally hear it from the lips of an elderly rustic.

When I was a boy of nine or so, I struck up an intimacy with a Yankee peddler, a man of sociable disposition and infinitely persuasive tongue, though a stranger to books. For him I painted signs and composed circulars, chiefly designed, as I remember, to exalt the virtues of a certain magic liniment in which he dealt. Would it were possible for me now to cherish towards anything in the world such unquestioning faith as I had in his liniment—a faith which I am convinced the excellent man fully shared! And would that any journey could now afford me such keen delight as I took in my peregrinations aboard a broom-masted and pan-girt wagon over the quiet, sun-flooded roads of central Massachusetts! For by way of compensation for literary services rendered, my kindly commercial friend used to let me drive his horse. Vivid indeed is my recollection of our halts before shaded homesteads, our protracted and usually success-

ful parleys with lean housewives, hungry for conversation. Then, after adequate preliminary discussion of weather and harvest, of the havoc wrought by "cahterpillars" on the "ahple" and "che'y" crop, were shiny tins produced, "notions" of all sorts, goods for the "pahntry," "gimblets," and "hahmers."

"Ahples" have decayed, "hahmers" have been laid on the shelf. At present, New England restricts the "ah" vowel, in the main, to a few specific classes of words—especially those in which an *a* (sometimes an *au*) is followed by a final *r*, by an *r* that precedes another consonant, by an "m" written *lm*, or by the sound of "f," "s," "th": as *far*, *hard*, *balm*, *laugh*, *pass*, *rather*, *path*. In the first two categories, and in the word *father*, "ah" possesses nearly all the English-speaking territory; concerning the other classes, there is wide divergence, although flat *a* appears everywhere to be disappearing from words like *balm*. Yankeeedom itself is divided over such combinations as *ant*, *can't*, *dance*, *example*, in which a nasal and another consonant follow the vowel; *aunt*, however, always has broad *a*. "Ah," in this region, is best preserved in rural communities and among people of fashion, the latter being more or less under British influence. For, in southern England, the style is essentially the same as in the typical Yankee village, save that the "ah" is of a broader quality. In our ordinary urban speech, "ah" before *n*, and also before *f*, *s*, and *th* (except in *father*), has been losing ground of late. Not long since, one of our legislators was derided by a fellow law-giver—presumably a member of the politically dominant race—for saying "Nahahnt," the only pronunciation by which the peninsula of Nahant is known to our native seamen.

In the United States beyond the Hudson—perhaps beyond the Connecticut—the flat *a* prevails before *f*, *s*, *th*, and *n*—"häf," "päst," "räther," "päth," "chänce"; although there is a little "ah" spot in Virginia. Nevertheless, a perceptible levelling process is going on, due partly to travel, to the example of actors and lecturers, still more to schools. Curiously enough, it is very common for teachers in the "ä" dominion to inculcate "ah," and for "ah"-born pedagogues to insist on "ä." Inasmuch as the "ä" country is vastly the more extensive, one may assume that by this scholastic tendency "ah," in the land as a whole, is gaining converts faster than "ä." What the outcome shall be, no one can tell. Usage is forever changing, and almost always inconsistent. The Yankee naturally says "cahnt" for *can't*, but never for the noun *cant*. Of two Cambridge brothers, aged three and four, who had never been away from home and never separated, one invariably said "bahsket," the other "bäsket." Although both parents pronounced "bahsket."

Great have been the shifts of fashion with regard to our first vowel. It is a common belief that English and Yankee "ah" represents the older style of speech; but the contrary is true. The fast West is in this matter more conservative than the pahst-loving

East. Earlier English "ah" became "ä" by the sixteenth century, and until 1780, or thereabouts, the standard language had no broad *a*. People said not only "fäst," but "fäther," "fär," "här." By "ä" I am designating, of course, the quality, not the duration, of the sound. Benjamin Franklin, who in 1768 recorded phonetically the pronunciation of his day, knew no "ah," although he maintained that additional letters were needed to represent two other vowels, the "u" of *hut* and the "aw" of *law*. This was in his "Scheme for a New Alphabet and a Reformed Mode of Spelling." Sheridan, in 1780, has no "ah" in his list of vowel sounds. Not until 1784 do we come upon something like it, in Nares's "Elements of Orthoepey" (London). Seven years later, Walker reports a practice that is virtually the present southern English one. The evidence we possess seems to indicate a very sudden incursion of "ah" into London speech between 1780 and 1790. For many years after that, however, "ah" and "ä" contended for the supremacy.

In America, it would appear, broad *a* was slower in getting a foothold. Very few traces of it are to be found in the eighteenth century. Noah Webster, in his "Dissertations on the English Language," 1789, prefers "ä" even in *aunt*, as well as in *jaunt*, *sauce*; but in 1806 he finds a place for "Italian *a*" in such words as *ask*, *dance*, *demand*, *father*, *psalm*. Yet Alden, in 1813 ("An Introduction to Spelling and Reading," sixth edition), gives no recognition to the new sound, prescribing "bärk" with the vowel of *back*, and "lawf" for *laugh*. Meanwhile, contradictory testimony comes from an "Essai Raisonné sur la Grammaire et la Prononciation Anglaise à l'usage des François qui désirent d'apprendre l'Anglois, par Duncan Mackintosh et ses deux filles," Boston, 1797, in which, besides the usual *ärt*, *fär*, *lärge*, *bäth*, *dänce*, *quäff*, etc., we are confronted with "ah" in *arm* and in *are*—this latter word being elsewhere in the eighteenth century always described as "air." Furthermore, Mackintosh would have us pronounce "ah" in a long list of words in which present-day Boston knows only "ä": *Daniel*, for instance, *Italian*, *imagine*, *navigate*, *Paris*, *rational*, *travel*, *satisfy*, and so on. One cannot help suspecting a Scottish strain in his pronunciation; and this suspicion is confirmed by his remark that it takes a very delicate ear to distinguish the *i* of *bid* and *hit* from the *u* of *bud* and *hut*.

In 1840 appeared Worcester's first dictionary, containing both "ah" and a sound intermediate between "ah" and "ä," which latter he recommends—as some of his English predecessors had done—for use before *f*, *s*, *th*, and nasals. "To pronounce the words *fast*, *last*, *glass*, *grass*, *dance*, etc.," he declares, "with the proper sound of short *a*, as in *hat*, has the appearance of affectation; and to pronounce them with the full Italian sound of *a*, as in *part*, *father*, seems to border on vulgarity." The compromise vowel which he, and others, tried to introduce, never met with much success. It

is too closely akin to the two extremes. In New England especially, where "ah" and "ä" are less remote from each other than in most of the present English-speaking world, it is hard to establish a vowel between them. In spite of dictionaries and teachers, people have continued to use, in the doubtful words as in the others, either the broad or the flat *a*.

From Worcester's statement, and from other evidence, we may infer that "ah" first prevailed in vulgar speech, and that "fäst," as late as 1840, retained a flavor of bygone preciousness. To-day, on the contrary, in the consciousness of most Americans, "fahst" implies a striving after old-world elegance, while "fäst" is characteristic of up-to-date democracy. Thus do we change our vowels, as our garments, in accordance with the inscrutable decrees of Fashion. The pride of yesterday is the scorn of to-day. Broadway Jones would despise both the sartorial and the linguistic style which to "the young man whom they call John" (for I am sure it was he) gave unqualified "satisfaction."

C. H. GRANDGENT.

Book Notes and Byways

THE EARLIEST TRANSLATION OF HAWTHORNE.

According to Miss Browne's "Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne," the first translated work to bear Hawthorne's name was "Le Journal d'un Croiseur sur la Côte Occidentale de l'Afrique," which was published in the *Revue Britannique* during 1845-46. But Hawthorne was of course only the editor and not the author of this work, so that in fact the earliest recorded translations are the German versions of "The Scarlet Letter" and "The House of the Seven Gables," which appeared in 1851. A German version of the "Twice-Told Tales" followed in 1852, and three tales ("David Swan," "Rapaccini's Daughter," and "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe") appeared in a French version in 1853.

But five years before the French version of Bridges's *Journal*, and eleven years before the earliest recorded translation of Hawthorne's genuine work, there appeared in *El Museo de familias* of Barcelona, a highly moral periodical which suffered the traditional fate of the good, an anonymous tale called "La vieja doncella de Boston. Leyenda americana."* Thirteen years later a tale, likewise anonymous, entitled "La anciana doncella de Boston. Leyenda americana," was published in *La Ilustración* of Madrid, the prototype though not the direct ancestor of the present excellent magazine of that name.† Examination shows that both tales are versions, or rather perversions, of Hawthorne's story of "The White Old Maid," which was first published in the *New England Magazine* for July, 1835, and collected in the second volume of the "Twice-Told Tales" in 1837.

Anonymous republication, amounting in many cases to deliberate theft, of American

* *El Museo de familias*, Vol. iv (1840), pp. 366-67.

† *La Ilustración*, Vol. v (1853), pp. 439ff. Both magazines are in the British Museum.

work was a rather common practice of French and Spanish editors about the middle of the last century, and numerous examples of it might be cited. Perhaps the most famous case is that, recorded by Dr. G. D. Morris in his study of Cooper and Poe in France (Paris, 1912), of the simultaneous theft of "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," by two Parisian periodicals; the resulting lawsuit introduced Poe for the first time by name to the French public. If the translation published in *El Museo de familias* stood alone it might with some degree of safety be described as the earliest version of Hawthorne in any language, and our study of it could hardly extend beyond an enumeration of its variations from the original, which are many and interesting. For instance, the White Old Maid's name is changed from Edith to Maria, and the other woman, nameless in the original, is christened Georgina Fenwicke. The nebulous subtlety of Hawthorne's ending being evidently incomprehensible to the translator, the venerable minister is made to relate a circumstantial account of the events which led up to the scene with which the tale opens and of the subsequent career of Edith's haughty rival, who, it seems, had gone to England and achieved the highest social success at court. Hawthorne's extremely brief conversations are expanded, the additions having a marked tendency towards melodrama.

As I say, if the 1840 publication of the tale stood alone, the enumeration of such changes as those mentioned would almost exhaust its claims on our attention. But it does not stand alone, and its reappearance in *La Ilustración* alters the whole situation. In all the circumstances mentioned in the last paragraph, and in many others less striking, the two versions agree exactly, and in every case where variations occur they are closer to each other than to the original. Nevertheless the two are not identical, and the verbal variations are far too numerous to admit of the conclusion that the version of 1853 is a reprint, however careless, of that of 1840. The differences are, however, just such as would naturally arise in two independent translations from a version in another language. To make the matter clearer I quote in parallel columns the opening paragraphs of both versions, adding below the corresponding portion of the original English:

Dos estrechas ventanas con hondos alfeizares daban paso á los rayos de la luna que iluminaban un vasto aposento, cuyos muebles y adornos eran antiguos y suntuosos. La claridad que penetraba por una de estas ventanas reproducía en una alfombra de Venecia los matices de los vidrios pintados y su débil transparencia. La otra ventana, colgada con una doble cortina de seda amarilla, permitía que cayese perpendicularmente el pálido resplandor de la luna sobre la alcoba, el lecho y el rostro de un joven que al parecer estaba descansando. La escena era extraordinaria y pintoresca y una de aquellas fantásticas realidades que sorprenden á los espíritus menos poéticos.

Gozaba el joven de un profundo sueño, pero qué sueño! el último de todos, el único que no turban las

Dos ventanas estrechas y profundas abrían paso á los rayos de la luna que alumbraba una vasta cámara, cuyos adornos y muebles eran antiguos y suntuosos. El resplandor que atravesaba una de estas aberturas reflejaba en una alfombra de Venecia los abigarrados matices de los vidrios de color y su debilitada transparencia. La otra ventana, adornada con una tupida cortina de seda, amarillenta, dejaba caer ploma una tintura pálida sobre la alcoba, el lecho y el rostro de un joven que en él reposaba. Era una escena extraordinaria y pintoresca; una de aquellas realidades fantásticas en las cuales la imaginación no quiere creer, y que asombran los espíritus menos dotados de poesía.

El joven, dormido, gozaba de un sueño profundo. Pero ¡qué sueño! el último de todos, el único que el tu-

bulliciosas pasiones. Estaba envuelto en una sábana blanca y sin movimiento. De repente pareció como si sus inmóviles facciones se reanimasen y renaciese la vida en aquel pálido semblante. La ilusión era cabal. Producíala un accidente natural: habíase movido la cortina interpuesta entre la ventana y el lecho del difunto, al abrirse la puerta del aposento. Entró una joven hermosa, de severo y apasionado rostro y fisonomía española, y acercándose suavemente al lecho, enlazó al cadáver con un abrazo convulsivo. No era la ternura sola la que respiraba en su semblante; echábase de ver además un violento triunfo acompañado de dolor interno. Pareció como si el cadáver se moviese otra vez y quisiera responder á aquel estrecho abrazo; pero era la misma ilusión que producía el idéntico resultado. Otra vez volvió á abrirse la puerta dando entrada á otra persona que, anegados los ojos en lágrimas, se acercó á los mortales despojos del joven. Miráronse entrambas mujeres un buen rato sin hablarse, y ambas permanecieron en pie como dos estatuas al lado de un sepulcro. En nada se parecían; la una era el símbolo de las pasiones violentas; la otra representaba la sensibilidad, la ternura, y el dolor.

"Bastante me lo disputasteis en vida," exclamó la primera; "dejádmelo muerto: es mío.

—Si, vuestro es," respondió la otra; justo es que os pertenezca él que habeis reducido á cadáver."

Y derramó copiosas lágrimas.

El Museo de familias.
Vol. IV (1840), pp. 386 ff.

The moonbeams came through two deep and narrow windows, and showed a spacious chamber, richly furnished in an antique fashion. From one lattice, the shadow of the diamond panes was thrown upon the floor; the ghostly light, through the other, slept upon a bed, falling between the heavy silken curtains, and illuminating the face of a young man. But how quietly the slumberer lay! how pale his features! and how like a shroud the sheet was wound about his frame! Yes; it was a corpse, in its burial-clothes.

Suddenly, the fixed features seemed to move, with dark emotion. Strange fantasy! It was but the shadow of the fringed curtain, waving betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as the door of the chamber opened, and a girl stole softly to the bedside. Was there delusion in the moonbeams, or did her gesture and her eye betray a gleam of triumph, as she bent over the pale corpse—pale as itself—and pressed her living lips to the cold ones of the dead? As she drew back from that long kiss, her features writhed, as if a proud heart were fighting with its anguish. Again it seemed that the features of the corpse had moved responsive to her own. Still an illusion! The silken curtain had waved, a second time, betwixt the dead face and the moonlight, as another fair young girl unclosed the door, and glided, ghost-like, to the bedside. There the two maidens stood, both beautiful, with the pale beauty of the dead between them. But she,

mucho de las pasiones no turba jamás. Un lienzo blanco le envolvía. No se movía absolutamente; pero de pronto pareció que sus inmóviles facciones se reanimaban, y que la emoción de la vida renacía en su lívido rostro. La ilusión era completa. Un accidente natural la ocasionaba: la cortina colocada entre la ventana y el lecho mortuario se había movido al momento que la puerta del aposento se entreabría. Una joven hermosa, de alta talla, de rostro serio y apasionado, de fisonomía española, había entrado, y acercándose suavemente al lecho, estrechaba al cadáver con un abrazo convulsivo. No era solamente la ternura la que respiraba en aquel semblante característico; sino yo no sé qué violento triunfo mezclado con un dolor interno. El cadáver pareció moverse una segunda vez, como si quisiese corresponder á aquel vivo abrazo. Era la misma ilusión que producía el mismo resultado. La puerta acababa de abrirse nuevamente por mano de otra joven, que con los ojos arrasados de lágrimas, se acercó á los restos mortales del desgraciado joven. Las dos mujeres se miraron largo tiempo sin decir palabra, y permanecieron allí inmóviles como dos estatuas junto á un sepulcro. En nada se asemejaban. La una era el símbolo de la violencia de las emociones; la otra representaba la sensibilidad, la ternura y el dolor.

—¡Bastante me le habeis disputado vivo! exclamó la mas altiva; dejádmelo muerto; ¡es mío!

—Si, vuestro, respondió la otra; el cadáver del hombre á quien vos habeis causado la muerte, os pertenece.

Y rompió en amargo llanto.

La Ilustración, Vol. V. (1853), pp. 439 ff.

who had first entered, was proud and stately; and the other, a soft and fragile thing. "Away!" cried the lofty one. "Thou hadst him living! The dead is mine!" "Thine!" returned the other, shuddering. "Well hast thou spoken! The dead is thine!"

The variations between the two versions are sufficiently obvious. Of the points in which the two versions agree in departing markedly from the original it is sufficient to note three or four. Thus Hawthorne's simple "floor" has been covered with "una alfombra de Venecia"; the "diamond panes" of his windows have become stained glass; the "silken curtains" of unspecified color are "amarilla" or "amarillenta," and the haughty maiden has acquired a "fisonomía española." The most cursory reading will reveal other points no less important.

The obvious conclusion, as I have already remarked, is that the two versions are taken not from the original English, but from an earlier translation in some other language. In view of Spain's vassalage to France in matters literary during the first half or two-thirds of the nineteenth century we may, without great risk, assume that this unknown translation was French. The credit or discredit of the original "conveyance" and perversion of Hawthorne's tale probably belongs to some anonymous French journalist, and it is entirely possible that the Spanish editors who stole the story in their turn were unaware of its real source and its author's name.

The period within which this version can have appeared is at the most five years, from the closing months of 1835 to the opening months of 1840. It is to be hoped that some one familiar with the French periodical literature of those years will be able to locate the missing translation, which will have a strong and almost incontestable claim to the title of "the earliest translation of Hawthorne into any language." Despite the questionable taste and the imperfect comprehension of Hawthorne's methods which it reveals, this series of translations is a remarkable recognition of the commanding power of his genius, at a time when his name was still unknown to the vast majority of his countrymen.

J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON.

Heidelberg University, Tiffin, Ohio.

Correspondence

THE FATE OF DE WET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While the rules of war have in the past undoubtedly sanctioned the execution as traitors of those who have taken up arms against their government, yet it is to be sincerely hoped that no such action will be taken by Great Britain in respect to the Boer General, Christian de Wet. From the point of view of expediency alone, it would be unwise for her to impose the death penalty. To do so would be to run counter to the moral sense of the entire world and dampen the sympathy which England now holds and has eagerly sought, of a great mass of the people of this country.

Many Americans whose hopes to-day lie with the Allies cannot but view De Wet as a hero and patriot, and the struggle of the South African republicans ten years ago as

one of the noblest and most heroic in history.

It will be recalled that De Wet was the last of the great Boer leaders to give in to Kitchener. However liberal the English Rule may have been, it is not to be expected that within fifteen years all the memories and bitterness of that war, nor even all hope of independence, could be completely obliterated.

The late revolt came at a time most critical and so most exasperating to Great Britain, but how hopeless it would have been under any other conditions is shown by its brief duration even now.

England can afford to be magnanimous to the Boers. She should recall that at one time she herself asked and obtained mercy for one of her citizens who had led a revolt against the South African Republic. Dr. Jameson had no such mitigating circumstances in his favor as has Gen. De Wet. His raid did not originate in love of country. Yet President Krueger surrendered Jameson unharmed to the English authorities, and punished not a one of the conspirators with more than a fine and a brief imprisonment. Surely England and the Union of South Africa can afford to be as generous with De Wet.

MORRISON SHAFROTH.

Denver, Col., December 7, 1914.

FROM "BARBAROUS" BAVARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Replying to the charge of garbling Ruskin made by Mr. R. W. Shannon, in your issue of November 5, I beg to say that the quotation was re-translated, aided by my memory, from a Munich paper. I should hardly know just at present where to find a copy of Ruskin's works. Will Mr. Shannon be so kind as to inform me when the Germans conquered Venice, and what pictures they stole there?

I know quite as well as Mr. Shannon that Heine was a merciless critic of his own countrymen, and that, indeed, was the reason why I cited his denunciations. The gentleman from Saskatchewan will probably also remember that the modern Aristophanes once said: "The North Sea would long ago have swallowed England were it not afraid of spoiling its stomach."

Your correspondent doubtless knows his Carlyle thoroughly. Let me, therefore, ask him to ponder upon this extract from "Past and Present" (p. 198, edition Mershon & Co.):

And now what is it if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worship and so forth—what is it that the modern English soul does in very truth dread infinitely and contemplate with entire despair? What is his Hell; after all these reputable oft-repeated Hearsays what is it? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be: The terror of "Not succeeding"; of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world—chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell?

Not having at hand a complete Carlyle, I would ask Mr. Shannon to read that philosopher's opinions of Germany and the Germans.

Alas! I am writing in Bavaria, and feel myself a miserable, low-down Bavarian Barbarian. One of your great musical critics, Mr. Krehbiel, has, I read, even taken Beethoven from us and given him to the Belgians. And your own Mr. Finck, in the kindness of his heart, pities us because we are de-

prived of those great conductors Muck and Stransky. Well, we manage to get along comfortably with such mediocrities as Nikisch and Richard Strauss, Bruno Walter and Fritz Steinbach.

Will the *Nation* pardon me if I further encroach upon its space and try its patience when I ask why, in its terrific indictments of the "blundering German professors," it did not include such American "blunderers" as Fullerton and Burgess (Columbia), Sloane (Columbia), Jastrow (Pennsylvania), and Benjamin Ide Wheeler (California)?

JACQUES MAYER.

Munich, November 30, 1914.

LORD ROBERTS AND WORDSWORTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No doubt, as your London correspondent has just pointed out, a resemblance to many of the qualities of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" might be traced in the character of the late Lord Roberts. And yet I cannot help thinking that Wordsworth would be the first to deny an application of his poem to the militarist type which Lord Roberts so completely represented—the type, I mean, which regards war as entirely virtuous and desirable in itself, rather than as an evil necessity to which a nation is at times driven.

In one of his very last published writings, an article in the October *Hibbert Journal* on "The Supreme Duty of Englishmen in the Present Crisis," Lord Roberts urgently begged his countrymen "not to be led away by those who say that the end of this great struggle is to be the end of war . . . the 'doom of conscription.' . . . It is true that the German 'nation in arms' . . . has been grossly misused. But the remedy for that is not so much the destruction of a just and honorable institution as the reform of the political system of Prussia." There you have the militarist mind in all its childlike yet far from innocent simplicity. War, be it observed, is "a just and honorable institution." Englishmen must not dream of renouncing conscription and the other delights of military "preparedness"; only as practiced by Prussians are these things to be regarded as evils which must be reformed or crushed. One is reminded of the Protestant clergyman who believed that the Inquisition was really a very good thing, only it happened to be administered by the wrong persons.

Everywhere in England, after the war broke out last summer, one heard the fatuous remark that "All this would never have happened if we had done what 'Bobs' wanted us to do." And yet what has happened is the precise and inevitable result of things that "Bobs" and his counterparts in other countries have been advocating for the past half century. It is chiefly, if not wholly, the militarist mind—the mind which conceives of international relations only in terms of "preparedness" and force—that has brought this ruin upon Europe. And until that mind is superseded as a controlling force in Governmental policies, until the splendid qualities of such men as Lord Roberts are diverted from destructive to constructive purposes, the ruin will recur again and again.

But to get back to Wordsworth, I am reminded of some other lines of the poet's which, while not so widely known as "The Happy Warrior," are well worth commit-

ting to memory and pondering over at this time—particularly by Americans. These are the lines:

'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The Governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood;
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees;
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business; these are the degrees
By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk
True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

WALDO R. BROWNE.

Wyoming, N. Y., December 6, 1914.

BRITISH ANTI-MILITARISTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My friend Professor Hobhouse recently issued a memorandum asking for signatures. I think it is of a character that would interest you, and I enclose a copy herewith. If you can see your way to print and publish it in your next issue, I should be very glad.

T. FISHER UNWIN.

London, November 18, 1914.

A REPLY BY BRITISH ANTI-MILITARISTS TO THE DECLARATION BY GERMAN PROFESSORS AND MEN OF SCIENCE.

Having worked, publicly or privately, for some years past on behalf of a good understanding between the British and German peoples, we observe, with regret, the declaration of a number of distinguished German professors and men of science who seek to throw the whole blame of the war upon our country. They appear to be imperfectly informed of the actual course of the negotiations which led up to the war, the main facts of which are not in dispute. If they will study the relevant official documents—German, English, or other—they will find that Great Britain made repeated proposals in the interest of peace; that these were accepted by the other Powers, but declined by Germany. Finally, Germany declared war upon Russia, and intimated her intention of attacking France through Belgium and Luxemburg, both of them states whose neutrality she had, in conjunction with Great Britain and other Powers, guaranteed.

The breach of this guarantee is declared by these distinguished professors to be a "hollow pretext" for war. Can they think it of small account that a people living like the Belgians, in perfect peace with their neighbors, should on a few days' notice find their country invaded, their villages and towns burned to the ground, and the leading men, in some cases, taken as hostages and shot in reprisal for individual attacks upon the invader which they were powerless to control? Such a view cannot be taken by any neutral nation which must realize that the existence of a Power so fully equipped as Germany for sudden and successful aggression and so unhesitating in her disregard of any restraining pledge, constitutes a standing menace to peaceful neighbors against which those neighbors will, if they are wise and spirited, combine to protect themselves.

The professors appear to think that there is a considerable party in the English universities that is opposed to the war. It is true that there were many, including ourselves, who contemplated its approach with horror, not only for the immediate suffering which it would entail, but for the permanent damage which it threatens to the civilization of Europe. But if they suppose these feelings to constitute a basis for any opposition to the most strenuous prosecution of the war, they do not allow for the effect produced by the attack on Belgium and the behavior of their troops in that country and in France. These events have compelled those who have always stood most strongly for peace to recognize—in many instances, very unwillingly—that the insuperable obstacle to peace is German militarism; and the professors' own address shows that it is worse than useless to hope for any effective opposition to militarism.

within Germany itself. They have driven those most attached to the cause of international peace and Liberal ideas to the conclusion that throughout western Europe their cause is gravely imperilled, and can be rescued only by pressing this war to a successful end.

Finally, the danger to German culture to which the professors advert is one to which many of us were, before the war, very sensitive. Unhappily, the conduct of the Germans in Belgium has compelled us to recognize an equally grave and more pressing danger to the culture of Belgium and France. We do not speak of individual acts of gross atrocity with which these troops are freely charged, for such charges are easily exaggerated, and cannot as yet be coolly examined. We have in mind the official defence of the German authorities who, in reply to the gravest accusations, alleged the necessity of securing their position by the "frightfulness" of examples. We have in mind orders officially issued by commanding officers, the official execution of hostages, the repudiation of the Hague Convention which forbids collective punishments, the burning of Louvain, Dinant, and other towns.

These incidents have removed any anxiety in our minds lest the culture of Germany should suffer worse evils than it has inflicted. Some of us did not hesitate to maintain opposition to the policy of our own Government through the course of a long war from fifteen to twelve years ago. We should not fear or scruple to do the same again, if we believed our Government to be wrong now. Against our will, Germany's own acts have forced us to an opposite conclusion, and the same regard for freedom and for justice between nations which has in the past animated us in the struggle for peace now ranges us with the whole body of our countrymen in support of the present war.

(Signed)

Sir W. J. BARRETT, F.R.S.
Sir WILLIAM BOWRING
Sir W. P. BYLES, M.P.
Lady BYLES
G. B. CLARK
Mrs. M. A. CHITTY
Sir HENRY COTTON
(Mrs.) E. FOSTER
(Rev.) J. CYRIL FLOWER
ST. GEORGE LANE FOX PITT
(Professor) L. T. HOBBHOUSE, D.Litt.
THOS. HODGSON
(Prebendary) JAS. JEAKES
(Rev.) E. S. KEEK
(Rev.) ARTHUR LETHBRIDGE
F. S. MARVIN
A. F. PETERSON, K.C.
(Sir) E. RUSSELL
(Editor of the *Liverpool Post*)
HAROLD RYLETT
RAYNER STORR
(Professor) W. TREGO WEBB
J. FISCHER WILLIAMS
T. FISHER UNWIN
(Mrs.) JANE COBDEN UNWIN
H. W. MASSINGHAM
(Editor of the *Nation*)

DR. EWALD FLÜGEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Dr. Ewald Flügel, for twenty-two years professor of English philology in the Leland Stanford Junior University, died at his home in Palo Alto on the evening of November 14. He was fifty-one years of age. The loss is not only felt profoundly by his own university, but will be recognized as one of the most serious which philological scholarship in America has suffered in recent years. Your readers will perhaps welcome a word regarding Dr. Flügel's work and character.

He was born and trained at Leipzig, the son and grandson of distinguished lexicographers, and after four years' service as *privatdocent* at his mother university was called to the one newly founded in California. Here from the first, together with such kindred scholars as the late John E. Matzke,

he set standards, especially in the field of graduate study and research, such as his colleagues and students can at best hope to emulate. Throughout the whole period he was equally zealous in his concern for teaching and for productive work. Though this is not the place for a bibliography, mention may be made of certain of his services to English scholarship. While still at Leipzig he published a *variorum* text of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" and "Defence of Poesie" (Halle, 1889), which is still the standard. After coming to America he prepared a *Neuenglisches Lesebuch* for the time of Henry VIII (1895), also an authority for its textual material. Another work brought out in Germany was a handbook of American literature, a subject in which Dr. Flügel made researches, and displayed a critical concern, which might easily have won him an independent place of honor had he felt able to treat it as other than a temporary avocation. Since coming to this country he had been the American editor of *Anglia*, thus forming in a special way a link between young American scholars and the learning of the Fatherland. But always he was applying himself with increasing concentration to the Chaucerian period, and in particular to the great Chaucer Dictionary which, no matter when or how completed, will be his chief monument.

This Dictionary had its inception with the Chaucer Society, in the presidency of Dr. Furnivall, and was for some time a collective undertaking. As time went on, the work of putting into shape the materials which had been gathered was narrowed, from the necessities of the case, to the task of one man; and, at the same time, through the scholarly ideals of this man, it was paradoxically broadened in scope. Originally a sufficiently modest undertaking, analogous to the existing concordances for Shakespeare, Dante, and the like, in Dr. Flügel's hands it was destined to grow into a complete lexicon, not only for Chaucer, but for his English contemporaries in so far as their vocabulary coincided with his, covering also to a considerable extent the late Latin and Old French sources of Middle English. For this purpose, Dr. Flügel accumulated a really wonderful library, and began the amassing of illustrative data on a scale perhaps unparalleled for the workshop of a single scholar. For three years (1904-7) he took a furlough from his professorial chair, and at the same time assistance was provided for him through the Dictionary's coming under the patronage of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Otherwise his work was accomplished coincidently with his full responsibilities as teacher, editor, and more. His friends continually urged him to reduce the proportions of his plan to something more consonant with human frailty, and he did modify them in time, saying to Dr. Furnivall, in a letter at once pathetic and humorous, that he had too little heeded Chaucer's warning that

Of all this worlde the wyde compace
It wol not in myne armes tweyne.

But the modification was but slight; for in truth he was a scholar akin to Browning's Grammarian, in bidding us

Leave Now to dogs and apes—
Man has Forever.

In a letter of 1913 he set the date at 5:30 A. M., explaining, "I have started the habit of attending to extras, *e. g.*, letters, encyclo-

pedia articles, etc., early in the day, before the baker comes and summons me to breakfast. . . . On my Chaucer work I have done within the year over 5,000 quarto pages of MS., and at this rate it will be finished (life being granted) by December, 1920." Meantime, each day's work was left in such condition that another hand could take it up where his had laid it down; and it now seems clear that he had come to realize that he was not himself to reach the goal. The manuscript stands complete through the word *heve*.

In time this great work will be completed, one knows not how. Yet even so, sad to say, the whole personality of its maker cannot be perpetuated. For it was rich and humane as Chaucer's own; and those who have not known him will not see in the words of a lexicon the ardent joy, the lambent humor, the warm sense of human values, which made his variant readings teem with personal significance, and his etymologies glow with feeling. To what is called dry-as-dust learning he devoted three-fourths of his time; but no dust could survive his handling of the material—there was a breeze in his nature that dissipated dross. I have compared him, from one standpoint, with the grammarian who settled *hotti's* business; but on another side the analogy is false, for Browning's philologist was resolved to defer the matter of living till he had finished with learning. Dr. Flügel early mastered the scholar's most difficult problem—how to devote one's self to laborious concentration, and at the same time to live. For friendship, for wide reading in such fields as poetry and philosophy, for the enjoyment of music, for ministry to sick or discouraged folk, he never lacked hours. One whole winter he threw open his rooms, crowding the precious tenants of his study with invited guests, for a series of Beethoven interpretations by a friend. When younger scholars came timidly for advice or books in working hours, they might find themselves preceded by one of his own children, seeking some toy among the tomes of the Six Texts; and he would welcome them as if they were conferring a favor long desired. When he said, "Yes—yes!" to your tentative advances, it was with a breathless ardor that brought such joy as children give us with their pure upwellings of sympathy; or if it was condolence that was needed, his voice was instantly vibrant with spontaneous answering pain. If you brought a bit of good reading, he would not only seize upon it with rewarding eagerness, but long afterward send you a post card after this manner, "Have you seen [so-and-so] in —Magazine, vol. ix., No. 19, Feb. 1? Years ago you let me read Dr. Furness's splendid Harvard address, and in grateful memory I acquaint you with this." I cite this particular note because the genial humanism of these two scholars, Furness and Flügel, was of a single type, and it was natural that in the one meeting which they had they should have seemed to find themselves old friends.

But why gather up vainly these fugitive memories? Only because our scholar's portrait will be sought for, and we who knew him cannot but offer hints towards its making. These are what it must combine: the tireless fidelity of modern German scholarship, with the childlike freshness of spirit of the age of Chaucer, the wide-sweeping humanism of the Renaissance, and the

buoyant freedom and energy of his adopted land.
RAYMOND M. ALDEN.
Stanford University, Cal., November 19, 1914.

RACE SEGREGATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit a protest from one who reads with interest and most often with approval the comments appearing in your columns. No doubt the lament, in your issue of November 19, that Mr. Wilson should be unable to visualize the position of the negro population raised the question in the minds of some of your readers as to whether the shoe might not be on the other foot. Can we who have known the negro from our youth, who confess to profound admiration for the many excellencies that mark numberless individuals among the colored people, who have no patience with the hectic declarations of hatred against them, who deplore the injustice and cruelty to which they are often subjected—can we for a moment doubt that the President's attitude is indeed born of a sympathetic desire to serve the best interests of the race? At least, it should be conceded that the sober judgment of the best and most thoughtful element in the South—with which the President's declaration that segregation conduces to the best interests and comfort of both races is in accord—should not be summarily labelled as the expression of a superficial prejudice.

JNO. MOORE WALKER.

Cordele, Ga., November 27, 1914.

[If it is not based on superficial prejudice, then it is due to a total failure to understand the feelings of the colored people in the matter. Even the sober and thoughtful element in the South cannot contend that segregation is desired by the negro. What right have the whites to impose their will on fellow-citizens by legislation or official action in which the negro has no voice?—ED. THE NATION.]

A POSTAL EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the great questions of the day and of all time is to supply employment to the laborer, and one of the greatest difficulties in the way of the solution of that problem is properly to *distribute* labor. Indeed, if this latter can be done successfully, the whole question becomes a comparatively easy one. I think I am safe in saying that, at a conservative estimate, three-quarters of the so-called employment agencies are plain, unadulterated frauds, and one-half the remainder are not over particular as to how they get their fees from the poor fellows who have to go to them in their distress.

Some public-spirited associations, some States, and some cities are doing this agency work upon a higher ethical plane, but, manifestly, the work is circumscribed and more or less spasmodic. It has been suggested that some kind of a clearing house be established to supervise and to serve as an interchange for all of these State, municipal, and institutional agencies.

No better central office and exchange could be thought of or created than the Federal Government. The Post Office first showed us how the Government could do things for the

people better than any private institution could do or would do. We have the postal service primarily, then postal savings, and then parcel post. The idea is to make each post office a local exchange where local employers and employees can register their wants (upon the purchase and cancellation of so many pennies of stamps to cover clerical expense). Then the labor authorities can gauge the labor market from these local conditions, and post further notices, and resort to other means that expediency may suggest to distribute the surplusage of labor at one point to where it is needed at some other point. It is all a matter of detail and of growth and study, but it involves comparatively little cost to the Government, and promises to be the most effective scheme yet devised. On April 8, 1914, Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, introduced Bill S. 5180, a legislative act that would put this idea immediately into working effect. During this present session of Congress it is intended again to bring it up and to make an effort at least to have it tried out. There are some who would have it pigeon-holed, which is the fate of many good bills that, unfortunately, have not been clamored for sufficiently by public opinion. Letters from their constituents to Congressmen and Senators saying that such or such a bill is looked upon with favor are mightily potent. Hence I ask those of your readers who have the real interest of labor at heart to write such letters or postal cards to their Congressmen saying that they favor Senator Clapp's bill. F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C., December 10, 1914.

THE ASSOCIATION OF URBAN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Association of Urban Universities was formed at Washington on Wednesday, November 11, by representatives from a dozen or more prominent institutions of learning situated principally in the larger cities. The organization of these institutions embraces what seems to me to be the most important educational movement of modern times; it is directed towards the ultimate establishment of municipal or urban universities as the apex of the school system in all cities large enough to support them.

In former times the comparatively few endowed colleges and universities, necessarily more or less exclusive, offered the advantage of continued education to a privileged few. As the appreciation of the usefulness of this education increased, the older type of universities was supplemented in the United States by State universities, which have given an opportunity for advanced training to thousands whom the former type of colleges could not reach. With a still wider appreciation of the value of education continued beyond the public school, State universities are beginning to be supplemented by municipal universities covering a special field of usefulness, the importance of which can scarcely be estimated. Less than 50 per cent. of high-school students receive a college education. This means that thousands of young men and women cannot, under present conditions, obtain continued education at the period of development when, in my judgment, education productive of the most important results to the individual and to society really begins. All that goes before is only a necessary preparatory acquisition of

material and tools. It seems to be the duty of a democratic form of government, then, to establish, at least in all the larger centres of population, free institutions for advanced liberal, technical, vocational, and professional instruction.

We have spent too much time in chaffering over methods, and in haggling over forms in education, and it is a good omen if we are beginning to realize that the lack of more decisively good results may be due not so much to imperfect methods and curricula as to unduly limited and unequal educational opportunity. The Association of Urban Universities represents the colleges and universities, whether supported by tax or otherwise, which believe in coöperating with the municipal departments, public institutions, and all other organizations of the cities in which they are situated, for the purpose of giving the opportunity of further education to the thousands who cannot afford to leave home for training beyond the high school.

If education is a public utility, it is undemocratic for any part of it to exist in the nature of a monopoly, and so the modern movement to afford the full benefits of education to all classes of citizens alike marks a new era of broader training, and therefore of more efficient citizenship, sounder morality, and a more certain civilization.

JOHN L. PATTERSON.

University of Louisville, November 15, 1914.

AN EMENDATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is a line in Jonson's "Tale of a Tub" (4, 1, 82) which has never, I think, been properly understood by the editors. The Folio of 1640, our only authority, reads (p. 93):

Know you Chanon Hugh,
The Vicar of Pancrace? Tur. Yes, wee who not him?
Since the last line is unmetrical, and the last question makes no sense, Whalley (1756) and subsequent editors have read, for Turfe's speech:

Yes, who knows not him?

This involves the omission of one word, "wee," and the insertion of another, "knows." I conceive that the insertion of "knows" is unnecessary, since "not" is here a verb (= *ne wot*), from Old English *nāt*, meaning "knows not." In the form "note," it occurs several times in Spenser, while "not" appears as late as 1614 in John Davies of Hereford. Moreover, Jonson himself has the word in "Poetaster" (3, 5, 57; see Mallory's note), which was printed in 1602:

Lucanian or Apulian, I not whether.

If it be objected that the line would still be unmetrical, because of the stress upon the first syllable of "Pancrace," it may be replied that the stress is apparently on the second syllable in 1, 1, 23 (punctuation modified):

The Vicar of Pancrace. Squire Tub, wa' hoh!

I see no difficulty, then, in reading:

The Vicar of Pancrace? Tur. Yes, who not him?

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, November 16, 1914.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With keen satisfaction I have just read the review of Dr. Mains's "Christianity and the New Age" in the *Nation* for October

8. Not that I agree with every jot and tittle, but that it is a fair attempt on the part of a great secular journal to do justice by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

I may as well let the cat out of the bag now—I am a Methodist and a *Nation* reader, and proud of both facts—even prouder of the first than of the second. Granting the cat, permit me to say that my soul has been sorely offended by the utter misinformation and occasional blind prejudice exhibited by the press in its ordinary references to my church.

Reasserting that I point with pride to the review in the last *Nation*, I beg for the privilege of continuing in a more carping spirit. The first sentence of that review speaks of the Methodist Church as one "which has not, in these later days, been commonly identified with progress in religious ideals."

In reply to this, a few facts. The system of Methodist colleges and universities has always stood for a modern interpretation of Christianity. That system includes institutions like Northwestern, Syracuse, Boston University, Wesleyan, and the chain of Wesleys in many States (notably Ohio), De Pauw, Baker, and many others with a noble past and an efficient and progressive present. The theological schools are unanimously in favor of a reasonable and vital form of religion. Books are constantly being published by the Methodist Book Concern in harmony with the best results of worldwide scholarship.

In particular, I desire to cite the life-work of a man who conceived that it was his mission to train the leaders of Methodism in a type of religion that does not fear rational investigation or shrivel up in the dry light of objective science. I refer to Borden P. Bowne, a man who preferred to be a door-keeper in the house of Methodism (Boston University) rather than to dwell in the tents of Harvard or the University of Chicago (and it is said that they offered him no inferior tenting facilities). On the purely intellectual side, there are many who would not hesitate to mention the names of Bowne, Royce, and James as the three most brilliant and most influential American philosophers. At least, Rudolf Eucken did not find it *infra dig.* to speak of Bowne in these terms: "He was a philosopher of all America; and as such all America as well as your own faculty may be proud of him and his memory. It is given us to say, as did Goethe of his friend Schiller: 'He belonged to us.'" Eucken's authority has not, I am sure, been so weakened by his utterances on the war as to vitiate the force of this judgment.

The nub of the matter is this. On the whole, the most conspicuous and influential leadership of the church is in the hands of men who share the intellectual temper and outlook of Dr. Bowne. There are manifest exceptions; there are even whole Conferences, as in New Jersey, where the reactionary spirit is in control; there are many in the rank and file of laity and clergy alike who have not seen the new light. But on the other hand, there is abundant evidence that Dr. Mains is by no means a *unicum* or a glaring instance of a flower wasting its sweetness on the desert air.

EDGAR SHEFFIELD BRIGHTMAN.

University Place, Nebraska, October 10, 1914.

[Our correspondent has no real cause of quarrel with us. What we said was that the Methodist Church has not been "commonly identified" with progress in religious ideals.

This does not imply that it has no progressive leaders.—ED. THE NATION.]

AN EXPERIMENT IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The accompanying communications were written by students in my elective course in critical writing, in which the *Nation* is used as a text. They are sent to you in the form in which they were written by these students.

Each member of the class, having read the article on "Pater's Quotations" in the *Nation* for October 1, wrote a letter to the *Nation*, attempting to answer the question raised in it by Mr. Chew: "But has the critic a right to do this?" *i. e.*, to add to quotations, subtract from them, alter their wording, or combine elements from different sections of the work cited, and still retain the quotation marks. A committee elected by each section of the class read these letters and chose two or three to be sent to the editor of the *Nation*. The class, however, after discussing the letters chosen, pronounced them not wholly satisfactory and appointed their writers in each section a committee to formulate in a joint letter the ideas brought forward by various contributors to the discussion.

The members of the two committees wish this statement made, in order that they may not seem to claim sole credit for the ideas presented, not all of which were originally suggested by them. GERTRUDE BUCK.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., November 15, 1914.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether or not misquotation on the part of the critic can ever be justified is the question raised by Mr. Samuel C. Chew, jr., in his article, "Pater's Quotations," published in the *Nation* for October 1. Mr. Chew defends the rearrangement, amplification, and abridging of quotations on the ground that through this the unity of the entire theme has been preserved unbroken.

Truly Pater's manipulation of his quoted material is an artistic gain. We should lose much of the exquisite charm of Pater if anything marred the smoothness of his diction. But would the introduction of direct quotations necessarily cause "crude breaks in the continuity of his discourse"? Surely the artistic Pater could so deftly handle the malleable clay of language that he might have fused his own words and those of another into a perfect whole.

But even for the sake of ease of expression, no critic has the right to break the fundamental laws of honesty; and this is what Pater has done. He has ostensibly given his readers one thing and really given them another.

By his quotation marks he has said, "These are the exact words of a certain author." But they are not that. They are Pater's interpretation of those words. He has deceived his readers. He has wronged him from whom he quotes by ascribing to him words not his own. No man, however excellent may be the product of his act, has a right to put aside thus the accepted moral laws upon which society puts its trust.

But Anatole France solved this difficulty. He stated in his preface that his quotations had been slightly altered. If Pater had done this, he would not have broken his moral obligations to his readers nor to him whom he quot-

ed. But even then his use of quotations would not be justifiable because in reconstruction they lose their fundamental purpose.

Every reader expects to find in quotation exact bits from the work criticised, which bear out what the critic is saying. Every reader should be able to start with these, follow out the critic's train of thought to his conclusion, and judge for himself as to the truth and keenness of perception shown. Quotations are the reader's key to a balanced understanding and judgment of the criticism. A critic may, by modifying and tempering his quotations by his own interpretation of them, impart more vividly to his readers the effect produced on him by a certain work, but he is doing so at the expense of his readers. They cannot start where the critic started. They must content themselves with the end of his thinking. They have the effect, but not the cause of this effect. They are handicapped in any creative thinking which they might bring to bear on his criticism. For them the quotations are no longer of service. They have defeated their own ends.

Committee for the class,

HELEN CARTER,
BERTHA GOES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of the *Nation* for October 1 is published an article by Mr. Samuel C. Chew, jr., on "Pater's Quotations." Mr. Chew appears to defend Pater's use of quotation marks around passages which he has changed from the original. We do not think this liberty in quoting justifiable.

It is surely misrepresentation and hence unfair to the original author, to the reader, and even to the critic himself. From the standpoint of the author, it is more than mutilating his material property—it is taking the expression of his inmost being, contorting it, and then presenting it to the world as the work of the original writer. The reader, according to common usage, accepts that which is enclosed in quotation marks as the exact words of the author quoted. If the quotation is inaccurate the reader receives a false impression. Moreover, the critic himself is not fulfilling his purpose—to make the public understand the conclusions which he has reached. He is omitting the steps by which he has arrived at these conclusions, and thus the public cannot trace the development of the idea. Not only does the critic fail in his aim, but he is unfair to himself, for he may confuse his own thinking. He is unable to distinguish just how far he has substituted his own interpretation for the original quotations.

But Mr. Chew would overrule these objections with the assertion that "Pater's manipulation of his material is a gain in art," for "direct quotation results in an unpleasant confusion of styles that makes a book well-nigh unreadable." There is another point of view equally tenable. An occasional introduction of foreign style is interesting by contrast if for no other reason, and variety and novelty, in due moderation, are always stimulating to the reader, rather than confusing.

If, however, Pater believed his greatest art attained by this misuse of quotations, he should have justified himself in the eyes of his reader by an explanation in his preface of his conception of "the function of criticism."

Committee for the class,

FRANCES FITE,
MARION E. RANNELLS,
MARGARET K. BEARD.

Literature

EAST AND WEST.

Appearances. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1 net.

A critical spirit perpetually informs Mr. Dickinson, and his many keen challenges to modern civilization have been full of suggestion. But nowhere does a perversity of sentiment and attitude show itself more than in the various papers collected under this disarming title. In "Appearances" a modern quietist has recorded the social and economic conflict between East and West, and frequently these papers justify the time-worn maxim upon their title. "Know-in's jest the same as feelin'," explained a boy of our acquaintance, "cos you always know jest what yer feel." And while Mr. Dickinson frankly flouts this perversity, yet he is usually "at the mercy of visiting angels." However, there is a cogent symmetry about these detached studies of unrelated institutions, places, and types in India, China, Japan, and America. Mr. Dickinson's kaleidoscopic glimpses of the changing East are particularly successful.

He began with no illusions about the classic commonplace Mr. Kipling perpetrated in his youth. Mr. Dickinson knew that "Mr. Kipling was thinking of India, and India is not all the East; he was thinking of England, and England is not all the West." Mr. Dickinson found that, while a certain homogeneity characterizes the West in matters of creed and culture, in the East this does not exist, despite the easy generalizations on the similarity of outward forms of religion and thought. He has sensed the anomaly that is now apparent, especially to those natives of India most loyal to the Raj: that, despite the fifty-odd years of British occupation of India, her genius is radically different from that of Japan or China, and therefore not so close to the West as these two countries have become.

In ten brief papers Mr. Dickinson gave his heart to India, and about them clings a wistfulness hardly more tangible than M. Loti's. Like the French writer, Mr. Dickinson preferred to see his India without the British. Pathetically, he remarks that "one studies institutions, but one does not love them. Often one must wish that they did not exist, or existed in such perfection that their existence might be unperceived." And, in ignoring these institutions, however imperfectly imposed by his countrymen, it was inevitable that Mr. Dickinson should lose himself in that baffling spirit of negation, of ecstatic absorption, which is characteristic of the Hindu, and which has ironically rendered futile the efforts of India's long line of conquerors. He found that India's unsecularity divorced her from China and Japan, and this difference he calls the religion of the Eternal, as opposed to the religion of Time, the

religion of his West, whose prophets are Goethe and Meredith, and to a share in which he admits Japan and China. But Mr. Dickinson's quest for the soul of India was a perverse mission, undertaken as she stands at the crossroads. Surely his experience there will lead him to assign her an equal share in the adventurous spirit of the religion of Time? Max Müller once shrewdly observed that in India one finds one's self between an immense past and an immense future. Mr. Dickinson was misled by India's vast, heterogeneous soul; indeed, he admits a paradox. Certainly her only Western analogy may be found in Russia. But the young, resurgent India is quite as inchoate as China, and, we think, as full of promise as China or Japan.

Mr. Dickinson's East resembles M. Loti's; his attitude is nearly as intransigent. There is the same love for what is past or is passing. The chapters A Sacred Mountain and A "No" Dance are beautiful tributes to that period in the past of China and Japan when life and art were inseparable. Though he proudly subscribes to the religion of Time, Mr. Dickinson's destiny clearly lies with the religion of the Eternal. He sets no value upon the advance of Western science and invention, but acclaims the adventurous spirit underlying such progress. He feels that "we are living very 'dangerously'; all the forces are loose, those of destruction as well as those of creation; but we are living towards something; we are living with the religion of Time." There can be no compromise. When we read Mr. Dickinson's American impressions, particularly the chapter Red-Bloods and "Mollycoddles," we find a modern instance of this conflict. Though America typifies many of those "dangerous" and adventurous qualities that compel Mr. Dickinson's admiration in the religion of Time, in writing of America he does not so dignify them. So far he has perversely sworn allegiance to the religion of the Eternal, while acknowledging kinship to the religion of Time. But America found him no child of Time; his heart was "east o' Suez." Mr. Dickinson *knew* he was part of the West, but like Mr. Kipling's soldier, he *felt* the "East a-callin'." Like Mr. Kipling, he is guilty of a similar commonplace: in thinking of the West Mr. Dickinson thinks of America—a West that is young and different, and which, he must admit, has so much of the present East in it!

If M. Loti, fresh from the East, had visited us in the same spirit that haunted Mr. Dickinson, he, too, might have said the hard things here recorded. But where M. Loti might have found in America some of the vision and imagination of the vivid Orient, Mr. Dickinson finds us, *par excellence*, the Red-Blood nation. The Red-Blood and the "Mollycoddle" serve him as symbols for his religions of Time and the Eternal. That in America this conflict should sum up so adequately all that he finds wanting in matters of art and the spirit, of vision and achievement in the West, is, perhaps, a shrewish fortune. Recent events in Europe

may have changed Mr. Dickinson's verdict; but in this book we are the Red-Bloods:

This characteristic of Americans is reflected in the predominant physical type—the great jaw and chin, the huge teeth and predatory mouth; their speech, where beauty and distinction are sacrificed to force; in their need to live and feel and act in masses. To be born a "Mollycoddle" in America is to be born to a hard fate. You must either emigrate or succumb. This, at least hitherto, has been the alternative practiced. Whether a "Mollycoddle" will ever be produced strong enough to breathe the American atmosphere, and live, is a crucial question for the future. It is a question whether America will ever be civilized.

But Mr. Dickinson sees a future for us under our prophet Walt Whitman; it is gratifying he did not find for us our Treitschke in Col. Roosevelt! It was not at Shanghai or Yokohama that he most poignantly felt the changes in the religion of the Eternal, but in the wild gorges of the Yangtze:

All China, I am informed by some pessimists, is in a state of revolution, actual or latent. It may be. But it is difficult to believe it among these primitive industrious people living and working as they have lived and worked for 4,000 years. Any other country, I suppose, in such a crisis as the present, would be seething with civil war. But China? When one puts the point to the foreigner who has been talking of anarchy he says, "Ah! but the Chinese are so peaceable! They don't mind whether there's a Government or no. They just go on without it!" Exactly! That is the wonderful thing. But even that seems to annoy the foreigner. Once more, what does he want? I give it up.

And it was in a forlorn telegrapher's shack, 3,000 feet up in the Rockies, that Mr. Dickinson soliloquized about America:

I listened to the clicking, while the sleet fell faster and the evening began to close in. What messages were they, I wondered, that were passing across the mountains? I connected them, idly enough, with the corner in wheat a famous speculator was endeavoring to establish in Chicago; and reflected upon the disproportion between the achievements of Man and the use he puts them to. He invents wireless telegraphy, and the ships call to one another day and night, to tell the name of the latest winner. He is inventing the flying-machine, and he will use it to advertise pills, and drop bombs. And here he has exterminated the Indians, and carried his lines and poles across the mountains that a gambler may fill his pockets by starving a continent. "Click—click—click—Pick—pick—pick—Pock—pock—pockets!" So the West called to the East, and the East to the West, while the winds roared and the sleet fell over the solitary mountains and the desolate iron road.

Exactly! Equally true of Mr. Dickinson's West as it is of America, the only West to remit the Boxer indemnity, that young China might come to school. But this is another perversity. Much, however, of what Mr. Dickinson says needed saying about the West to which he and Mr. Kipling belong. Despite his feeling for the

religion of the Eternal, we know that he shares with us the adventurous spirit, all its danger and energy, which he admires in the religion of Time. Like the lady in "William the Conqueror," Mr. Dickinson, after all, likes men who do things; and a philosopher could have no better liking.

CURRENT FICTION.

Pelle the Conqueror: Apprenticeship. By Martin Andersen Nexø. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This second number of a Danish trilogy which has been recognized abroad as a masterpiece carries the life-adventure of the peasant lad Pelle through the first turbulent and purposeless phases of manhood. We left him turning from the farm to the town. There he serves a five years' apprenticeship to a shoemaker, and to life as a thing to be reasoned about and mastered, rather than merely followed and enjoyed. Disillusion comes, and for a time despair. Life seems a brutal and meaningless thing, hardly worth troubling oneself with. Work is not paid for according to its merit, nor real virtue (if there is such a matter) rewarded according to the copybooks. So Pelle eschews work, becomes an idler, and, for a time, a drunken vagabond. The chance friendliness of a woman becomes a turning-point, her simple philosophy shames his nerveless egotism: "You men are extraordinary creatures," she cries. "If anything at all goes wrong with you, you must start drinking right away, or plunge yourself into unhappiness in some other way—you are no better than babies. We must just work quietly on, however things go with us."

Pelle turns his face towards manhood again, but the path is still vague before him. It is still of self that he thinks, though of self triumphing over other selves, over hostile things. The injustices of the social order more and more excite him. He has sacrificed nothing personally for poor old Lasse, that absurd and piteous figure with which the earlier story made us so intimate; but the legal cruelty which finally crushes the father is a new cause of social hatred in the son. There is as yet nothing generous or constructive in his passion. It is hardly more than a brute impulse towards self-assertion, self-aggrandizement. If remote Bornholm can no longer hold him, this is because "there must be places in the world where they've already begun to go for the rich folks—that's where I want to go. . . . I want to have my share—even if I have to strike a bloodsucker dead to get it." So, blindly and selfishly, and yet with the beginnings of strength in him, Pelle sets out from that obscure corner of the world, which is, after all, the world in little. There is magic in the passage which makes us share his parting impression:

The blue smoke of kitchen fires was drifting down the narrow lanes. The old people

were sitting out of doors on their front steps, and were gossiping over the news of the day. The evening sun fell upon round spectacles, so that great fiery eyes seemed to be staring out of their wrinkled faces. The profound peace of evening lay over the streets. But in the narrow lanes there was the breathing of that eternal, dull unrest, as of a great beast that tosses and turns and cannot sleep. Now and again it blazed up in a shout, or the crying of a child, and then began anew—like heavy labored breathing. Pelle knew it well, that ghostly breathing, which arises always from the lair of the poor man. The cares of poverty had shepherd the evil dreams home for the night. But he was leaving this world of poverty, where life was bleeding away unnoted in the silence; in his thoughts it was fading away like a mournful song; and he gazed out over the sea, which lay glowing redly at the end of the street. Now he was going out into the world!

Modern Lovers. By Viola Meynell. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

From the daughter of Alice and Wilfrid Meynell commonplace work would not have been looked for. Her two novels have been hailed by the English press as of extraordinary quality, "Lot Barrow" as a thing of promise, and "Modern Lovers" as an achievement. The portrait of the girl Lot Barrow reminded several critics of Thomas Hardy; but the story as a whole would appear, from hearsay, to have been idyllic rather than realistic. "This wise, cool little story," said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "is like a walk on a spring morning, fresh with all the recovery of dew and the promise of the dawn." In "Modern Lovers" the reminder is of Miss Sinclair rather than of Mr. Hardy, and the "walk" to which it commits us is through a close and humid noonday of sexual experience. In several ways the story strikingly resembles the "Three Sisters" of Miss Sinclair. It is chiefly concerned with laying bare the sexual preoccupations of certain young girls who are no longer withheld by Victorian ideals from going straight to their object. Here again is the tyrannical paterfamilias. Here again are sisters plotting against each other for the love of one young man—the same weak and emotional young man. And here again the weaker and less scrupulous sister wins the doubtful prize.

But the book is "modern" beyond the ken of either Mr. Hardy or Miss Sinclair. It has, with all its studied quiet of manner, that restless, ruthless consciousness of daring which is the mark and the admiration of youth. So Effie, our beautiful but morally dingy heroine, is exhibited as really, and naturally, polyandrous. She is mistress and promised wife of one man when she falls in love with a second. She has not ceased to love our first. This is a nuisance, and unreasonable. "Why is it absolutely impossible openly to have two husbands?" run her meditations. "Of course, it would not do as a general rule, but just for once. . . . It seems the only way. . . . Clive would be my darling husband, to hold me in his arms and kiss me at last. So Oliver would

have to be more my husband in mind and thought. . . . Oliver? No, that is Clive." Clive, the new man, is the one with the brains—an inconvenient consideration which has presented itself to our Effie, and which she sets herself to "work out properly." There is no doubt about the polyandry, but it would be nice to have a presentable formula! Yes, these lovers are ultra-modern, the very latest thing, and so is this tale of them, with its extreme cleverness of detail, its perfect denial of the past—its passionate inconclusiveness.

WHAT IS "SCIENCE"?

Drift and Mastery: An Attempt to Diagnose the Current Unrest. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50 net.

Walter Lippmann confesses to having been a child of four in the panic of 1893. His "Preface to Politics," published early in 1913, must, consequently, have been written in his twenty-third year, and "Drift and Mastery" in his twenty-fourth. These are notable productions for a man so young, for chock-full as they are of the exuberant characteristics of youth, they nevertheless disclose possession by the author of a certain poise, a curiously detached and dispassionate mental attitude which expresses itself in occasional flashes of ripe judgment that take the reader by surprise when they come as they do without any visible warning. Youth is usually partisan, addicted to the pursuit of panaceas and passionate in its advocacy; Mr. Lippmann is none of these things. It is in the rather obvious straining after epigram and in the sweepingly dogmatic undertones—if one may so call them—that are perceptible throughout his argument that one most readily discerns the "four-and-twenty" point of view. It is an entertaining book, one which stimulates the reader to thought upon lines not always familiar to the student of economics and politics, and for that reason it may be welcome even though it contains no very new message.

It is not wholly easy to describe the author's own point of view. When one thinks that one has him comfortably classified he slips off that particular shelf with an all-important qualification. For example, on page 23 we come on the illuminating phrase, "commercial profiteering," and we say, "Ha! a Socialist! We might have known it!" But on page 182 we find that Socialists "are the interested pedants of destiny," that they have "failed to develop a practical programme" (p. 183), that they are "fatalistic" (p. 184), and therefore Socialism is no panacea. For fatalism is "drift," whereas what Mr. Lippmann is after is "mastery." He is an evolutionist, of course, but he makes it quite plain that he is no determinist by any means, for he specifically rejects the notion that evolution automatically guarantees anything worth having. He is a democrat, of course, but he takes particular pains to reject the notion of the "collective will"

upon which Mr. Hobson bases the entire principle of democracy. He insists upon the "human mind" in the individual as the only thing on which to rely, and calls the "collective mind" a "*deus ex machina* invented to cover an enormous need—a hope that something outside ourselves will do our work for us" (p. 147). Authority of all kinds—he calls it "absolutism" (p. 206)—is the enemy that he fights on sight, whether it be in the realm of religion, of politics, of economics, or elsewhere. Probably the ticket that he would himself choose for his class-distinction would bear the word "rebel." For he says in his preface:

So far as we are concerned, then, the case is made out against absolutism, commercial oligarchy, and unquestioned creeds. *The rebel program is stated.* Scientific invention and blind social currents have made the old authority impossible in fact, the artillery fire of the iconoclasts has shattered its prestige. We inherit a rebel tradition (p. xviii).

And later:

Life has overflowed the little systems of eternity. Thought has become humbler because its task is greater. We can invoke no monumental creeds because facts smile ironically upon them (p. 207).

(Could a man of forty write thus? One trows not!)

In so far as one may gather up Mr. Lippmann's philosophy, the thing that seems to him important is that the people shall learn to govern itself. It must learn to "substitute purpose for tradition; and that is, I believe, the profoundest change that has ever taken place in human history" (p. 206). "That is what mastery means: the substitution of conscious intention for unconscious striving" (p. 268). The key to this is "science"—or what Mr. Lippmann calls science. "There is nothing accidental," he says, "in the fact that democracy in politics is the twin brother of scientific thinking. . . . As absolutism falls, science arises. It is self-government. For when the impulse which overthrows kings and priests and unquestioned creeds becomes self-conscious, we call it science" (p. 276).

This is very nice, but it does not take us very far towards a close acquaintance with the nature of "science," or tell us precisely why we shall make an act of faith of it. Here is some more:

Science is the irreconcilable foe of bogeys and therefore a method of laying the conflicts of the soul. It is the unfrightened masterful and humble approach to reality—the needs of our natures and the possibilities of the world. The scientific spirit is the discipline of democracy (p. 276).

Still not very informing. Let us try again:

For the discipline of science is the only one which gives any assurance that from the same set of facts men will come approximately to the same conclusions (p. 285). Mastery is inevitably a matter of coöperation which means that a great variety of people working in different ways must find some order in their specialties. They will find it, I think, in a common discipline which

distinguishes between fact and fancy. . . . (p. 286).

Well, here at last is something—"science" is that "which distinguishes between fact and fancy"—a most important and necessary distinction *if one can but get it well and truly made.* But how shall we know "Science" when we see her? How distinguish her voice when she speaks? We are to believe in the authority of science as the only authority that man may admit. But where may it be found—where is *Scientia docens*? If she is to deal with "facts," she must be able to assure us that they *are* facts and not fancies, and they cannot be mere "pragmatic" facts, for they must be facts for all men. Who is authorized to speak for her, and how may we know him? Darwin says one thing, Weissmann another, De Vries another, Bateson another, Haeckel another, Reinke another, and so on. Where may we rest with assurance that *now* we have the "facts"?

Mr. Lippmann, it is true, leans to "pragmatism" at times. He says, for instance:

We cannot be absolute pragmatists. But we judge by results as much as we can, as much as our human limitations allow. Where we have to accept dogmas without question we do so not because we have any special awe of them, but because we are too ignorant or too busy to analyze them through. I know how unphilosophical this will sound to those who worship neatness in thought (p. 262).

We may be finicky, but we confess to having a lively curiosity as to the nature of the test that "dogmas" must sustain before we can "accept" them. In brief, what is to be our "rule of faith" in these matters? Whom shall we believe and why shall we believe them?

Mr. Lippmann has evidently read his Chesterton to some purpose, so far as style is concerned. It has frequently happened that Mr. Chesterton has been asked a question and has answered it with a book. Mr. Lippmann is young, and evidently likes to write. Will he give us another book to show us what should be our rule of faith?

MR. TAFT ON THE SHERMAN ACT.

The Anti-Trust Act and the Supreme Court.
By William Howard Taft. New York:
Harper & Brothers. \$1.25 net.

Mr. Taft has rendered a valuable service to the public in presenting to it this book upon a topic which has been much discussed and misunderstood. He is admirably equipped for the performance of his task. As a Federal Judge he was called upon to construe the Anti-Trust Act in important cases. As a member of the Cabinet and as President it was his duty to inquire into alleged violations of the Act and to advise or direct the prosecution of its violators. Undoubtedly, the volume will and should meet with a wide reception. It ought to correct not a few misapprehensions concerning the purpose and the meaning of the

statute and to silence much of the ill-considered criticism of the Supreme Court.

The primary purpose of the Sherman Act, as Mr. Taft shows, was to make "positively and affirmatively illegal, actionable, and indictable" those restraints upon trade "which were only void and unenforceable at common law." These restraints he divides into two classes—first, those which were imposed upon one of the parties to a contract, and, secondly, those which resulted from contracts or combinations to restrain the trade of third parties or to affect it injuriously. Restraints of the first class were void at common law, he declares, only where they were unreasonable, while restraints of the second class were always void. In other words, "there were no reasonable contracts or combinations in restraint of trade of that kind." Construing the statute in the light of its purpose and of the settled rules of the common law, he declares that it does not prohibit agreements among laborers to strike for better wages, or safer conditions, or for any purpose relating "normally and directly to the terms and conditions of their employment." On the other hand, it does prohibit the secondary boycott and every other combination of laborers which compels third persons against their will to withdraw from beneficial business intercourse with the competitors of such combined laborers.

Construing the statute in the same manner, with respect to combinations of capitalists, Mr. Taft insists that it does not apply to agreements for the union of firms or companies in the same branch of industry, made with the view to promoting economy and efficiency, merely because competition between the parties is thereby suppressed. But the statute does prohibit such combinations when their object is to control all of that line of business, or when monopoly is the necessary consequence of their successful existence.

It is thus apparent that our author is quite in accord with the later decisions of the Supreme Court. Indeed, he is convinced that those decisions not only have put the right construction upon the Anti-Trust Act, but have made its meaning so clear and reasonable that "no man need be doubtful, when he is making a business arrangement, whether he is violating the law or not."

While the book will be read very widely and will exercise a wholesome influence, every admirer of Mr. Taft will regret that he did not subject to a more careful revision the papers which it contains. Like his ill-starred Winona speech on the tariff, they appear to have been written between stations. Unquestionably the bids for his time and energies are numerous, but here was a task which he ought not to have allowed himself to slight. He owed it to his subject and to his fame to make the work as nearly perfect as possible. And he has fallen far below such an ideal. The style of many paragraphs indicates that they were never revised after their original dictation. There are errors in dates and citations. Hilton vs. Eckersley is said to have been "tried

in the Court of Queen's Bench about 1863"; when, in fact, it came before that court on a demurrer in 1855. The Mogul Steamship Company case is said to have been "decided by the highest courts in England in 1892." In fact, the decisions by the various courts were made in 1885, 1888, 1889, and 1891. In the Court of Appeal, the case is cited as appearing in L. R. 23, O. B. D. 598, when the citation should be 23 Q. B. D. 598. The case of United States vs. Joint Traffic Association, 171 U. S., 505, is cited as United States Joint Traffic Association, 171 U. S., 93. Some of these blunders are probably attributable to poor proofreading; but the error contained in the statement that in nearly every judgment in the Mogul Steamship case the contract was conceded to be unenforceable as a contract between the parties and void at common law, although not criminally illegal, is clearly an error of substance. A careful reading of the reports will show this was conceded in only a small minority of the judgments, while Lord Chief Justice Coleridge says of the contract: "It seems to me that it was no more in restraint of trade, as the phrase is used for the purpose of avoiding contracts, than if two traders in a village agreed to give their customers 5 per cent. of their bills at Christmas on condition of their customers dealing with them, and with them only."

Such errors, happily, do not invalidate Mr. Taft's arguments. They indicate only that the work might have been made even more valuable than it is had its distinguished author bestowed upon it greater labor and care.

PEASANT CULTURE.

Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore. By Elizabeth Mary Wright. New York: Oxford University Press.

Our Irish friends have said so much in recent years about the strength and beauty of peasant speech that the uninformed person is disposed to credit them with the discovery of the fruitfulness for literature of intercourse between poets and delvers in the earth. A passage in the just-published journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson indicates that the Concord apple-grower had considered before them at least one aspect of their propaganda. Writing in 1862, Emerson says:

Le terrible don de la familiarité remains important. A man's connections must be looked after. If he surpasses everybody in mother wit, yet is scholar like the rest, be sure he has got a mother or father or aunt or cousin who has the uncorrupted slang of the street, the pure mud, and which is inestimable to him as spice and alternative, and which delights you in his rhetoric, like the devil's tunes when put to slow time in church-music.

All Aunt Mary's language was happy, but inimitable as if caught from some dream. (Reviewer's italics.)

An investigator with sharp scent might profitably go through the writings of Emer-

son in quest of the racy influence of Aunt Mary. Modifying the notion a little, it might be said that in the delightful compendium of rustic speech and folk-lore before us Miss Wright has accomplished that service for the "Aunt Mary" of classical English. With a keen relish for the vocabulary, idiom, imagery, lore, and superstition of dialect-speakers, she has assembled her treasures from every shire of Albion, supplementing her original gleanings with material drawn from fifty or sixty glossaries and collections of folk-lore and the rich stores of the Oxford English Dictionary. This material she has distributed into twenty-one chapters under such headings as Corruptions and Popular Etymologies, Archaic Literary Words in the Dialects, Foreign Loan Words, Alliterative and Rhyming Phrases, Phonology and Grammar, Popular Phrases, Supernatural Beings, Charms and Medical Lore, Divination, Birth, Marriage, and Health Customs, Games, etc. The great value of the work lies in the conveniently assorted masses of "living speech" which it presents. Its defect for the general reader is in the density of the citations, rather too infrequently relieved by the comment of the collector.

Our poetical theorists never tire of commending the "fresh, unworn charm" of folk speech and thought. Everything in this matter depends upon the point of view. Fresh indeed to a poet nourished on Blake and Shelley is the pithy wit and wisdom embedded in phrase and image redolent of the rustic hearth, the farmyard, and the field. But to the rustic himself and to any duly reflective person, *freshness* must appear about the last attribute in the ideas or the language of the "people." What impresses one is rather the thoroughly communal and traditional character of their linguistic and intellectual property; how their grand-sires' phrases and maxims and smiles and jests are passed about and handed down from generation to generation and burnished with use like their brass candlesticks and their beaten-silver teaspoons. There are, to be sure, "creative" wits among peasants, as among princes, who from time to time throw a novel "good thing" among the circulating heirlooms. But while in "polite" society the "good thing" palls on its second or third appearance, in peasant society it will probably have to be repeated a half-dozen times before it is generally "taken in"; after which its acceptability gathers compound interest through infinite iteration. Thus peasant wisdom is a powerful social bond because it is an ancient, tested, assimilated common culture. By no apocalyptic vision, but by the seasoned observation of venerable forefathers, the truth was established that "a bealing coo soon forgets it cauf"; that "it's th' yarly bird as gollaps th' worm," and that "ther's no gettin' white meel eawt of a coal-seck." The figurativeness of dialect is doubtless due as much to poverty of abstract terms as to richness of imagination. Its metaphors, similes, and allusions, though cryptic to the outsider,

are perfectly transparent to the peasant, because they are perfectly familiar, current, and related to objects under his daily observation. The abstractions of eighteenth-century poetry are not more clearly "stereotyped" than the concretions of the folk. In fine, peasant speech and imagination have all the dewy freshness and sparkle of a richly encrusted old cheese.

If these generalizations are sound, nothing could be more contrary to the genius of the folk than the procedure of, say, Mr. Yeats and the other young men who, like Jan Trezise's geese, are never happy "unless they be where they baint." The cultivated poet who would write in the spirit, not the letter, of folk composition must not go a-vagabonding; he must rather saturate himself more completely than any one else in the traditional stock of words, images, and ideas possessed by the cultivated "shire," bending them to new uses when genuinely fresh experience urges. As "spice and alternative" he may remind us that he has an Aunt Mary; but he must wear his "pure mud" with a difference. And he must remember that nothing is idler than to use Aunt Mary's words without Aunt Mary's wit. A renaissance of dialect without a renaissance of ideas is doomed to failure, "as sure as there's a God in Gloucestershire."

BEGINNINGS OF THE REALISTIC NOVEL.

The Mary Carleton Narratives, 1663-1673: A Missing Chapter in the History of the English Novel. By Ernest Bernbaum. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1 net.

Is the slim red octavo form affected by academic presses intended as a warning signal for lay readers, or a beacon for scholars? Nothing less vulgarly engaging could well be devised, and this is accordant with either office. The academic thesis or monograph, with its grave meticulous errand and its solid baggage of notes, bibliography, and appendix, cannot go forth as upon a mere literary junket. And it may be as well that the ordinary traveller should know it at a glance, and so waste no time over it. Doctoral disquisitions are not, and do not pretend to be, merry work. They prose, they cite, they quibble; they set a mole upon the slide and make a mountain of it. We all know what a dull fellow your Ph.D. is, especially in the making!

Still, there are exceptions. The slim red octavos of recent years have contained not only much material for the uses of scholarship, but a good deal of interesting reading, if not for the man in the street, certainly for the man in the library, as distinguished from the laboratory. We have here an instance in point. Dr. Bernbaum has, to be sure, a theme of uncommon possibilities. Mary Carleton is one of those picturesque, half-forgotten figures of the past whom clever

journalists are wont to seize upon for "Sunday stories." A nine days' wonder in Restoration England, she was not neglected by the chroniclers of that day. Pepys mentions her a number of times. He went to see her play; he visited her in prison, where she readily convinced him of her innocence. And she became the subject of the extraordinary series of narratives which are here studied in detail.

Mary Moders, daughter of a Canterbury musician, married a shoemaker, ran away from him in her early twenties (1658), married again, and, not being punished for bigamy because of her first husband's indifference, presently ran away again. This was not matter for notoriety at the time; it was some years later (1663) that she became famous as the pretended German Princess who had married a pretended English Lord, and who thereafter played the part of injured innocence so skilfully as to hoodwink a great part of London even after it might have been clear enough that she was a fraud. Her past was brought out, but she denied her identity with Mary Moders, and carried off the whole affair with an effrontery which, by virtue of her pretty face and demure carriage, was effective enough at the moment. But her new husband would have none of her, bigamist or not. "Within a year we find her appearing on the stage, and, strangely enough, acting the titular part in 'The German Princess,' a play satirizing the very fraud she herself had perpetrated." "Never was anything so well done in earnest, worse performed in jest, upon the stage," says Pepys. After that the rogue's progress must have been steadily downward. Nine years later, after escaping from Jamaica, whither she had been transported for theft, and returning to England to repeat the offence, she was duly hanged at Tyburn (1673).

Of the twenty-one narratives and documents here cited, nine belong to the year of the "German Princess" fraud and seven to the year of the Tyburn finale. Of the latter group, the most important is "The Counterfeit Lady Unveiled," by Francis Kirkman, which appeared in a second "corrected" edition some years later. Two summaries of the famous case appeared in the eighteenth century, the last as late as 1732. Upon the evidence of these documents as a whole, and of "The Counterfeit Lady" in particular, Dr. Bernbaum challenges the common opinion that Defoe was originator of the realistic novel in English; that beginnings had been made by the Elizabethans, but that no progress was effected in the seventeenth century. So M. Jusserand asserts that "to connect Defoe with the past of English literature, we must get over the whole of the seventeenth century and go back to 'Jack Wilton.'" The present investigator urges that this is no longer necessary, "for we recognize in 'The Counterfeit Lady' an early chain link in the chain of realistic novels."

Whether the recognition will be general on the part of students of the novel is a

matter of some doubt. Dr. Bernbaum has found what he was looking for, and *ex ungue leonem* is not an infallible rule in the circumstances. But he has made out an excellent case. The Mary Carleton narratives are not unique, but merely the fullest and most numerous group among the popular criminal biographies of the seventeenth century. Their effect is cumulative, and in "The Counterfeit Lady" the material of the earlier narratives is simply drawn upon and elaborated with exceptional skill. This account is considerably longer than some fictions of the period—for example, Mrs. Behn's "Oroonoko"—and is credibly shown to have been put forth, like Defoe's narratives, in the name of fact, but in the spirit of fiction—a fiction, in spite of its theme, not picaresque, but realistic:

The serious moral tone, the minute depiction of occurrences, the coherence of plot, the tracing of the motives of the characters, and the elaborate creation of verisimilitude—these qualities, whose combination is usually considered original with Defoe, we have seen to be prevailing traits of "The Counterfeit Lady." Not in merely a single respect, nor in an occasional passage, but in many essential particulars, and in his narrative as a whole Kirkman maintains the manner commonly associated with Defoe.

MORTUARY DOCUMENTS.

The Book of the Dead, the Papyrus of Ani. A reproduction in facsimile, edited, with Hieroglyphic Transcript, Translation, and Introduction, by E. A. Wallis Budge, Keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum. Three volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$12.50 net.

"The Book of the Dead" is a document of such importance in the history of religion that the evil fate which has overtaken it in its English dress seems peculiarly unfortunate. Intended for deposit in the tomb where they would not be seen by the living, the surviving copies were so carelessly written by the ancient scribes that they swarm with errors. In course of time one incorrect copy served as the source for another only more carelessly done, and the amount of corruption which ensued is incredible. An enormous amount of labor remains to be undertaken in merely obtaining a text from which at least some of these errors shall have been removed.

Three English versions are commonly found in our libraries. The worst of these was translated from a French version by Pierret, a scholar who had graduated from the directory of a French railway into the directorate of the Egyptian department of the Louvre. His French version is far from reproducing correctly the late Egyptian original upon which it is based, and as the author of the English version made from Pierret's was none too familiar with French, the result need not be further described. It is small praise of Lepage-

Renouf's English version to say that it is considerably better than this edition, but it represents a bygone state of knowledge, even though it was completed, supplemented, and issued as a whole not long since by Naville, a typical representative of the Egyptology of fifty years ago. The third version is that of Budge, the author of the volumes under review.

"The Book of the Dead" is but one group in a large mass of documents reflecting to us the mortuary beliefs of the Egyptians. These mortuary documents may be divided into three groups. The earliest, the "Pyramid Texts," were discovered in 1881. They are engraved on the walls of the interior passages of the pyramids of the Fifth and Sixth Dynasty at Sakkara, and these originals were written during about a century and a half, including the twenty-sixth century B. C. and about a quarter of a century before and after it. Portions of these documents are, however, far older than the copies in which they have come to us, and they represent the beliefs of the Egyptians regarding the *royal* hereafter for a thousand years, from the thirty-fifth to the twenty-fifth century before Christ. They thus form the oldest body of religious documents in existence, and they are of immense importance in the study of the development of religion. It should be noticed, however, that they are found solely in *royal* tombs and that their function was to secure felicity for the *king* in the hereafter. We have here the survival of the hero in a blessed hereafter, as among the early Greeks. The Pyramid Texts are chiefly of magical efficiency, but they reveal the fact that even the king at this remote age was expected to meet certain moral and ethical requirements.

The second group of mortuary texts found in Egypt may be called the Coffin Texts. They are written in ink on the interiors of wooden coffins of the Middle Kingdom, and they date from the centuries immediately preceding and following 2000 B. C. They are intended to secure the felicity of others than the king in the next world, and they show distinct progress in the mortuary beliefs of the Egyptians, especially the growth in moral seriousness and the deepening of the conviction that an ethical ordeal awaits every soul in the hereafter. They are made up of about equal proportions of passages from the Pyramid Texts and from the third group of documents which we call the "Book of the Dead." The Coffin Texts display clearly the progress of the Osirian faith, the belief in the dying and rising god, and the participation in his blessed destiny made possible for all souls.

The third group of mortuary documents, the "Book of the Dead," was written on papyrus with pen and ink and placed in the tomb with the dead. These texts represent a third distinct stage of Egyptian beliefs. It is evident that there existed very early among the common people certain charms deemed useful for the dead. Some of these had already appeared in the Coffin Texts.

In the sixteenth century B. C. such charms began to be written on papyrus for the use of the dead in the hereafter. These rolls were made and sold by priests, and no two priests necessarily made the same collection of charms, although both usually included an account of the judgment in the hereafter and a statement of the justification of the deceased in that judgment. No two rolls of the so-called Book of the Dead, therefore, necessarily contain the same selections. Some of them are of great extent, sumptuous and splendid rolls sixty to eighty feet long, containing from 75 to as many as 125 or 130 charms or so-called chapters; but for the poor a small and modest roll only a few feet in length was sufficient, furnishing room for but a meagre selection from the more important chapters. These rolls of the "Book of the Dead" began to appear, as we have said, in the sixteenth century before Christ, but no fixed and canonical selection of chapters was customary until the Ptolemaic period after the fourth century B. C. From what we have said it will be seen that the book was chiefly a magical agency. It discloses the fatal transition by which the Egyptian introduced the effectiveness of magic into the moral world and by magical agencies secured moral justification in the hereafter, no matter what the character of the deceased may have been. The importance of the "Book of the Dead" lies in its revelation of sensitiveness to the moral mandate as shown by the endeavor to silence it, if necessary, by magical power.

Of the historical development evident in these three groups of documents the author betrays no comprehension. In the first of his three volumes we have a series of treatises intended to introduce the reader to the "Book of the Dead," which are without logical succession and lack any correlation. Within itself each treatise is as incoherent as possible. In one of them, entitled "The Gods of the Book of the Dead," we find a catalogue of the Egyptian gods, each accompanied by a list of his supposed qualities. The treatment plods densely along, heavily enumerating obvious things, and never getting beyond the terminology to an account of the ideas implied.

The manuscript of the Book of the Dead selected by Budge for publication belonged to one Ani, a noble of the Egyptian Empire in the fifteenth or sixteenth century B. C. The Introduction contains also an account of the Papyrus of Ani, probably the most splendid ancient copy of the "Book of the Dead" surviving. The sumptuous original is in the British Museum. The second volume gives us a complete text in hieroglyphic type of the Papyrus of Ani, accompanied by a page-for-page translation occupying the lower half of each page. In the third volume we find the really valuable portion of the work, a facsimile reproduction of the Papyrus of Ani in thirty-seven colored plates. Libraries desiring to possess a colored facsimile of the "Book of the Dead" will find it here presented in very convenient form.

Academic Societies

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

More than 400 members were the guests of Columbia University at the thirty-second annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America on December 29, 30, and 31. Besides the usual social features, the proceedings consisted of papers excellently representative of most of the interests of present American scholarship. Most timely was Professor Schinz's (Smith) analysis of the contemporary religious revival in France, which finds expression in art, science, philosophy, and criticism, as well as letters; an anti-rationalistic reaction which, in the author's opinion, accounts for the remarkable spirit shown by the French at the outbreak of the war. International literary relationships received not a little attention. Professor Mims (Vanderbilt) noted an increased interest on the part of France in certain English and American writers; Dr. Schoenemann (Harvard) studied the German Theodor Fontane's assimilation of English literature; and the influence of La Fontaine on the English fable was discussed by Professor Ellwood Smith (Syracuse).

In the field of linguistics, Professor Kellogg (James Milliken) dealt with the problems presented by the variation between *-ji* and *-ei* in Gothic; and Professor Prokosch (Texas) outlined his theory that all linguistic development in Germanic, except such as may be referred to foreign influence, is to be explained on the basis of a strengthened articulation. Professor Krapp (Columbia) denied any conscious imitation by Elizabethan prose writers of the rhythmical clause endings of Latin prose style. The bibliographical problems associated with the 1729 edition of Pope's "Dunciad" were discussed by Professor Griffith (Texas).

Drama was not neglected. Professor Quinn (Pennsylvania) proposed a new classification of American drama. Under the title "Hamlet without Hamlet," Professor Brander Matthews (Columbia) assembled and analyzed a number of plays from Æschylus's "Prometheus Bound" to our own day, in which a chief character becomes well known to the audience without ever appearing on the stage. Some of the unscrupulous advertising methods of Elizabethan showmen were exposed by Professor Groves (Trinity, N. C.). The puzzle of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" largely vanished when approached, as Professor Tatlock (Michigan) showed, from the mediæval Troy story on which the play chiefly rests. A combination of various classical materials with a mediæval morality as the sources of Jonson's "Staple of News" was noted by Professor Stonex (Trinity, Conn.). Other source studies were Dr. Hills's (Western Reserve) of the second part of Longfellow's "Evangeline"; Dr. Porterfield's (Columbia) of Heine's "Lorelei," and Dr. Gilbert's (Cornell) of Milton's close adherence in "Paradise Regained" to the Gospel account. Milton's revision of his pamphlet which boldly prescribed a "Free Commonwealth" for England was the subject chosen by Dr. Clark (Texas).

In the realm of legend, St. Brandan, according to the contention of Prof. A. C. L. Brown (Northwestern) inherited many of the characteristics of the sea-god Bran, the evidence

in the case helping to supply some of the links in the transition from heathen Celtic legend to fully Christianized Grail story. The celestial journey of Alexander the Great in his griffon-car, as it appears in literature and art, was described by Mr. Loomis (Illinois). Balladry was represented by Professor Stork's (Pennsylvania) analysis of the causes underlying Scott's failure to imitate more successfully the traditional ballad.

The history of critical theory as exemplified by the German opponents and advocates of the rules from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century was the topic of Dr. Gillet (Wisconsin). Dr. Louise Kueffner (Vassar), following Friedrich Schlegel, found in the mystery (Eleusinian, Orphic) a key to much in German romanticism. Professor Havens (Rochester) urged that Keats's plan in revising "Hyperion" was not to get rid of superficial Miltonisms, but to humanize the for him intractable material. Dr. Kuhl (Dartmouth) had good evidence to show that Chaucer's choice of the five guilds represented in his "Prologue" was dictated by a desire to avoid taking sides in a struggle between the victualling and non-victualling companies which was acute in 1386. Professor Fletcher (Columbia) showed that Dante, in interpreting retrospectively the experiences of his life, was consistent in regarding the *donna gentile* as symbolizing necessary worldly activity; to be deplored if inordinately absorbing, but otherwise the ally, not the rival, of Beatrice. Spenser's narrative difficulties in treating friendship as one of the virtues, a notion derived, perhaps, from Giraldu Cinthio, were among the points brought out in the paper of Professor Erskine (Columbia).

The post-card canvass of the Association resulted in a vote of 362 to 267 against the abandonment of simplified spelling, 55 per cent. of the members voting. Only 253, however, sustained the present official practice, 99 calling for a lesser degree of simplification for the present. The question has been referred to the executive council. The following officers were elected: President, J. B. Fletcher, Columbia; vice-presidents, O. F. Emerson, Western Reserve; B. J. Vos, Indiana; Mary V. Young, Mount Holyoke. The next meeting will be held jointly with the Central Division, probably at Cleveland, O.

H. M. A.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

The Archæological Institute of America held its sixteenth general meeting and the thirty-fifth annual meeting of its council on December 28-31 last. On December 28-29 it met at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in conjunction with the American Anthropological Association; on the two following days at Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., with the American Philological Association. The meetings were most successful. Over 150 members of the Institute were present, and the other associations were equally well represented.

The president's report to the council showed a successful year and increased membership, in spite of the financial strain throughout the country, and other difficulties attendant upon a world war. The formation of new branch societies in the city of Minneapolis and the State of Indiana were reported, and the societies formally admitted to membership. Mr. Allison Armour, of the commit-

tee in charge of the Cyrene fund, reported on the recovery of \$25,000 indemnity from Italy for the cancellation of the Cyrene concession, and on various attempts made to find another satisfactory site for excavation. Active work will not, however, be begun until after the end of the present war.

The new popular magazine, *Art and Archaeology*, which has been appearing bi-monthly since July, is succeeding in every way beyond expectation. It will become a monthly as soon as financial conditions will allow.

Prof. F. W. Shipley, of Washington University, St. Louis, was unanimously re-elected president of the Institute. Only one change was made in the vice-presidents; Mr. Allison V. Armour, of New York, was elected to succeed Prof. Maurice Hutton, of the University of Toronto. The following officers were also re-elected: Mr. Willard V. King, of New York, treasurer; Prof. A. Judson Eaton, of Quebec, and H. R. Fairclough, of Stanford University, secretaries, and Prof. Ralph V. Magoffin, of Johns Hopkins University, recorder. The newly elected members of the executive committee are: Mr. Charles Hill-Tout, of Vancouver; Prof. George H. Chase, of Harvard; Mr. Dan Fellows Platt, of New York, and Mr. Frank G. Logan, of Chicago.

Seven sessions were devoted to the reading of papers, of which forty-two were presented. Of these only the more noteworthy can be mentioned here:

Mr. Hiram Bingham, in his well-illustrated paper concerning the history of Machu Picchu, gave evidence tending to show that some of the important buildings were monastic.

Prof. George Hempl read a paper on the origin of alphabetical writing in Mediterranean lands and on Minoan seals and their Greek speech. Professor Hempl is one of the leading Germanic philologists of the world, and during the past fifteen years his studies have passed by natural progression through Runic, Old Burgundian, Venetic, Etruscan, Minoan, and Hittite inscriptions. It is not surprising that the majority of scholars have followed his discoveries and conclusions with ever lessening approval as he has proceeded. The fact that none of these studies has as yet appeared in full has tended to increase the distrust in his results. Both the delay and the tone which the distrust takes are much to be deplored. The fact that these problems have remained so long unsolved should not be taken as a reason for discouraging an able and well-equipped worker, like Professor Hempl, from attempting them. In the papers presented at the present meeting the support given to Evans's theory that the Phoenician alphabet was derived from the Minoan is welcome. Professor Hempl seems to have advanced our knowledge in this field and placed it on a much firmer basis. Few will venture hereafter to trace the origin of the Phoenician alphabet from the Egyptian hieroglyphics. On the interpretation of Minoan inscriptions as ancient Greek one must withhold judgment.

Prof. A. L. Frothingham gave a new and convincing explanation of the favorable and unfavorable character of the left hand in Latin writers, in which he connected the favorable character with auguries and divination, and traced its origin through the Etruscan back to Babylonia. In a second paper he traced the derivation of the Hermes worship and the caduceus from an original snake worship of the same eastern regions.

Mr. L. D. Caskey described, with the aid of excellent views, a really beautiful chryselephantine statuette of the Minoan snake goddess in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Prof. Albert T. Clay interpreted a new dynastic tablet from Larsa, which gives decided help in settling doubtful points in Babylonian chronology.

In his discussion of an early sarcophagus of the Sidamara type from Sardis, Prof. Charles R. Morey showed that the stiffening of the ornamentation was due to the imitation of painting and came from Oriental influence. Prof. Clarence Ward discussed the place of Rheims Cathedral in mediæval art. Two views showed the terrible destruction caused by German cannon.

Notes on the later history of the Erechtheum by James M. Paton were accompanied by unpublished descriptions and drawings showing the state of preservation of this old Athenian temple during the Turkish period. Profs. Geo. H. Chase and Howard C. Butler gave interesting descriptions and views of the excavations and discoveries at Sardis.

The large attendance and ideal conditions at Haverford combined to make this meeting one of the most profitable and pleasant in the history of the Institute.

HENRY A. SANDERS.

Notes

Cecil Leeson's "The Probation System" (London: P. S. King & Son) is a sketch based partly upon the author's experience in probation work and partly upon his investigation of probation systems outside of his own country. American probation figures prominently in the book, "because probation is more mature in America than elsewhere." The volume is an excellent introduction to the subject.

The chief title to consideration for the collection of Mr. Donald Maxwell's sketches, included in "Adventures with a Sketch-Book" (Lane; \$3 net), is certainly not that put forward by the publishers. The line drawings in the body of the text are in many instances certainly colored; "tinted" is perhaps the better word. But whereas the breathless publisher's announcement on the cover leads one to expect something which will so far revolutionize the "color-book" that the three-color block on art paper must become a thing of the past, the actual result is rather as if some one had faintly washed the line drawings over with the contents of a child's paint-box. This certainly adds nothing to the charm of the drawings, nor until the process has been improved out of all recognition need the old-fashioned "art-plate" fear for its future. Nevertheless, the book has considerable charm; not only are Mr. Maxwell's sketch-reminders of a dozen pleasant tours in half-a-dozen European countries attractive in themselves, but he accompanies them with a pleasant burbling of words which, if they do not attain literary distinction, are at least intimate and appropriate. Incidentally he makes good his contention—most of us admitted it a long time ago—that the sketch-note is often as attractive and as revealing as the finished painting based upon it.

"Our Philadelphia," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, illustrated from one hundred and

five lithographs by Joseph Pennell (Philadelphia: Lippincott; \$7.50 net) is a book of unusual type. Mr. Pennell's skilful designs perpetuate a demure and satisfying beauty which is rapidly disappearing. Mrs. Pennell's acute and genial chapters fix a social charm of almost forgotten yesterdays. After twenty-five years in Europe the Pennells returned to their native city, and their joint work is inspired both by reminiscence and surprise. The changed city evoked the desire to save from oblivion the town that had been, and the attempt is eminently successful. Mrs. Pennell had the advantage of seeing a community of insiders a little from the outside. Her family was Catholic, a socially questionable creed, and had come up from Virginia on the Schuylkill, a socially unregistered area. Thus her girlhood impressions keep just the right measure of detachment and sympathy. The mood is admirably blended and maintained. A tinge of ridicule here and there is merely a pledge of full understanding. By and large, the book is both a display and a eulogy of a peculiarly decorous and finished social order. The picture is so complete and definite that one almost regrets the necessary evidence of Philadelphia's achievement in the alien fields of letters and arts, though there are satisfying glimpses of Charles Godfrey Leland and Walt Whitman. Nothing in the book is more heartfelt than the chapters on Philadelphia at Table. The rich theme is ably sketched, but not exhausted; indeed it is inexhaustible. Mrs. Pennell does not inquire into the anomaly which has coupled her admirable city with Boston for good-natured mockery. The reason seems clear; these are the only American cities which have consistently valued orderliness, decorum, code. Their very existence is a tacit rebuke to the sprawling, formless expansiveness of the other cities, and our other cities naturally retaliate with ridicule. If any one would do for real Boston what the Pennells have done for Philadelphia, it would be a most praiseworthy work of historical salvage. And the need is even greater, for Boston is giving way more rapidly. A French savant, returning to Boston after five years of absence, observed sadly, "Boston s'américanise." It is a levelling destiny that impends over both cities. Soon we shall be dependent on such records as this of the Pennells to know that such communities existed. Their book deserves immediate popularity and should not soon be forgotten. The time will come when antiquaries will set Mr. Pennell's sketches beside their extra-illustrated Stowe.

More fully than any of his contemporaries Mr. E. V. Lucas understands the art of the guide-book, how to keep the happy mean between the bald compilation of sheer facts and the swamping of them in a tiresome detailing of personal tittle-tattle. "A Wanderer in Venice" (Macmillan; \$1.75 net) is a very good example of his method at its best. It is true that we have, if anything, too much Venice; that is inevitable. If you would record the Bride of the Adriatic faithfully, you cannot ignore the acres upon acres of painted canvases which, because they are masterpieces, refuse to be ignored, yet which are not particularly interesting described at second hand. Mr. Lucas gives them their due share—and no more—of his attention, but truth to tell, any compiler of a guidebook could do as much, and we, who are thou-

sands of miles away from Italy and see no very near prospect of revisiting it, would have been unreasonably grateful for a few less pictures and a few more personal notes, such as those of Mr. Lucas's visits to the "Capello Nero" and "Antica Panada" restaurants, with his consequent comment on the proper preparation of "fritto misto," or his description of the *dégagé* artist with the cigarette who made glass bowls at Murano, or the football-match between Venice and Genoa on the sands of the Lido.

It is eminently right and desirable that publishers should be enthusiastic about the works they publish; it is to be regretted that their enthusiasm occasionally overcomes their sense of proportion. If, for example, you judged solely from the eulogistic slip which Messrs. Sherman, French have circulated with Carl and Julia Scott Vrooman's "The Lure and the Lore of Travel" (Boston; \$1.35 net), you might imagine that it was an epoch-making work, rising to "splendid heights of literary excellence," that, in a word, it transcended every book of travel that has appeared in recent years. Actually it does none of these things. Much of it is made up of the bringing together of various magazine articles wherein the authors prattle pleasantly of such subjects as the best way to travel in Europe, the difficulty of learning French, or the Franciscan associations of Assisi. The fact that one of the co-authors is Assistant Secretary of Agriculture might seem to promise us a literary reincarnation of, for instance, Arthur Young. Instead Mr. Vrooman leaves agriculture strictly alone, preferring to discourse of precisely such subjects and in precisely the same terms as would any well-educated tourist with a taste for heroics. His appreciations of Jean Jaurès, the famous Socialist leader, of Professor Seignobos, of the Sorbonne, or of Pastor Charles Wagner are interesting without being of any lasting literary value. The little sketch of Jules Simoneau, tamale-maker of Monterey and friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, is the best thing in the book. Mr. Vrooman has given us good and nutritious goose; it is not his fault if the enthusiasm of his publishers offers it to us as swan.

In "Beauty for Ashes" (Dodd, Mead; \$1.50 net), Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon tells the moving story of the arousal of her interest in the tenement problem and the fight for a tenement-house law in the Indiana Legislature. As the leader, contrary to her own wishes, in the contest, she has a tale of dramatic force to relate. Much of the book has appeared in the *Survey*, but there must be many who will want the material in this convenient form. Mrs. Bacon manages to be earnest without becoming hysterical. The novel feature in the account is its revelation that the slum is by no means a unique possession of New York or any other of our largest cities.

Among the volumes belonging to the series of guides to the materials for American history in foreign archives published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, few are likely to be of more value to the students of the subject than that which deals with the records in London for the period since 1873. This "Guide to the Materials in London Archives for the History of the United States Since 1873" (Carnegie Institution of Washing-

ton) is a joint labor, four scholars, Messrs. Paullin, Paxson, Fryer, and Parker, having coöperated in its production. The documents entered and described are from the Public Record Office, the Privy Council Office, the House of Lords, the Custom House, the General Post Office, and the British Museum. The period covered extends to 1860, a date never before reached in the case of the Foreign Office Papers, and reached in this instance only by the special favor of the British Foreign Office, a gracious act of courtesy to the Government of the United States that deserves recognition. The work throughout is admirably executed, the search has been painstaking and thorough, and the brief statements of contents are clear and compact, though only continued use can demonstrate their sufficiency. The work is a solid contribution to that rapidly increasing number of lists, indices, and guides, prepared by the Carnegie Institution of Washington and other historical agencies in this country, for the use of students of our history. No other country has equalled us in this respect or has done so much to lighten the path of the investigator. On the other hand, many countries have surpassed us in the printing of documents at the expense of the Government. What has thus far been accomplished is in largest part the work of private individuals or institutions. The share of the national Government is almost a negligible quantity, except in the one particular of the war records.

The average investor will get a good deal of sound advice from reading Prof. Edward Sherwood Mead's "The Careful Investor" (Lippincott; \$1.50 net), even though he is confronted with some trite sayings. The work is elementary, which is a virtue rather than a vice, in view of the topics discussed and the evident intention of the author to instruct the "lambs" concerning the pitfalls of Wall Street and those of the investment market generally. The author differentiates between the various classes of investments, and describes the advantages of municipal bonds, farm mortgages, securities of public service corporations, and industrial bonds and stocks. The opening chapter is one of the best, since it describes the stages of speculation on margins and shows the losses which are certain to accrue from buying on "tips" and taking a gambler's chance. After citing various incidents to show the dangers of this form of speculation, the author declares that "for money making, margin speculation is worthless. As a means to loss and ruin, it has no rivals." Investors would have been saved heavy losses resulting from the purchase of the preference shares of badly financed industrial companies, during the craze of 1910, had they given heed to warnings such as Professor Mead's in the chapter devoted to those issues. The preference shares of industrial companies are not condemned as a whole, but the element of speculation is emphasized and the purchaser is warned that unless the business of an industrial corporation is well established, and the concern itself adequately financed, it is useless to expect a 7 per cent. dividend through periods of business depression. The book contains a great deal of interesting information which is made accessible through the medium of an excellent index.

"Delightful Dalmatia" (Funk & Wagnalls; \$2 net), by Alice Lee Moqué, is a typical story of travel, compiled from an enthusias-

tic day-to-day diary and the usual guide-books. The author has made the mistake of endeavoring to inject her own mildly interesting tourist's adventures into what would otherwise have been a pleasant account of one of the quaintest corners of Europe. This narrow strip of land, crowded between the Dinaric Alps and the Adriatic Sea, with its memories of Slav, Latin, and Moslem stretching back to the earliest times, has preserved intact some of the most important architectural achievements of various periods. Here are Ragusa, more Italian than Venice, just across the gulf, as picturesque within her age-stained walls as Carcassonne herself, and much less hackneyed; Spalato, with the majestic remnants — remarkably complete remnants, too — of the gigantic palace to which Diocletian retired "to plant cabbages"; Rovigno, Pola, Zara, besieged by the buccaneers of the Fourth Crusade; Sebenico, Trau, Salona, and Cattaro, at the head of its famous Bocche, now a mark for hostile cannon. All of these places possess architectural beauties, mediæval cathedrals and Roman gates and amphitheatres, and they are gemmed in as beautiful a coast as may be found anywhere in southern Europe. It speaks well for the author that, despite her provoking interpolations of personalities, she has contrived to convey some of this charm to the reader. The book is well illustrated.

Among the many books that undertake to set down in plain terms for the plain man what philosophy is all about, few seem to score any distinct success. The little book entitled "Philosophy: What Is It?" (Putnam; \$1 net), by F. B. Jevons, of the University of Durham, ought, however, to be one of them. Only those who have attempted a task of this kind can rightly appreciate the neatness of Professor Jevons's formulations, the skill with which he avoids technical difficulties, and the solid basis of careful thought that underlies a simplicity of expression. The book consists of five lectures given before a branch of the Workers' Educational Association — which may serve to justify the frequent summaries and repetitions of points. It is too restricted in scope for a college text, but the more mature reader of literature and philosophy, who can read between the lines, should find the point of view interesting.

The most engrossing of Charlemagne Tower's "Essays: Political and Historical" (Lippincott; \$1.50 net) are not those dealing with our international relations, but the pair on military operations entitled "Lord Cornwallis in America" and "General Howe's Campaigns in the Revolutionary War." These papers give one a much clearer picture of this side of the Revolution than most of our histories have succeeded in presenting. They emphasize once more Washington's luck in being opposed by so easy-going an opponent as Howe, while that gentleman's steady failure to accept victory remains a mystery. To follow the campaigns of those years with the current dispatches from Flanders and the Vistula in one's mind is to have a sense of contrast between amateur and professional warfare that, as in the case of Washington's dashes upon Trenton and Princeton, does not always incline to the advantage of the latter. In the Yorktown campaign, on the other hand, Washington's trapping of Cornwallis was a triumph of strategy.

The Middle Dutch poem of "Beatrijs," one of the gems of mediæval literature, has been worthily edited by Dr. A. J. Barnouw, English lecturer at Leiden, and issued as volume III of the Publications of the Philological Society (New York: Oxford University Press). With the aid of the vocabulary and notes, and the thoroughly scholarly grammatical introduction of forty-six pages, any one who has a slight knowledge of German or, preferably, Anglo-Saxon, will find little difficulty in reading the text. To do so is to come in contact not merely with a language which sheds much interesting light on our own, nor yet with the most charming version of this widespread "miracle" of the Virgin; it is to know one of the freshest, most direct, psychologically one of the most satisfying, humanly one of the most appealing, things in the whole range of mediæval letters. The deep but controlled anguish of Beatrijs's departure from the cloister, her meeting with her lover beneath the eglantine,

"Hem dochte, daer si voor hem stont,
"Dat die dach verclaerde";

their sunlit departure into the world together, then sorrowful return, her gradual realization that during the fourteen years of her absence the Virgin has graciously taken her place, all this is conducted with the greatest delicacy and restraint, through the shuddering moment when she seizes the bell-rope to summon as of old the nuns to prayer, up to the quiet close in confession and reconciliation. There is no preaching by the author; from his lines breathe the gentlest aroma of romance, something wholly different from the bold Latin narratives which are its source. Nor is there any romantic mystification about the soul's blissful ignorance of the body's sins such as finds place in Maeterlinck's modernization of the story in "Sœur Béatrice." The tale is merely an exemplary anecdote to magnify the power of the Virgin; in the unknown author's hands it chanced to become poetry.

The Rev. Dr. Horatio Oliver Ladd has compiled a laboriously minute memorial (The Shakespeare Press; \$3 net) of Grace Church, Jamaica, Long Island, one of the oldest foundations in this country, with a pedigree dating back to 1699. It makes an imposing and handsome volume, printed in bold type and plentifully illustrated. The matter in it has historical and antiquarian value, as it includes a survey of the origin, population, and settlement of Long Island, and of the political, religious, and social conflicts during Dutch and English occupation, but the great mass of it, of course, is of almost purely local interest. Nearly half the book is occupied by copies of the original charter and the contents of the parish registers, records of pew holders, baptisms, deaths, burials, and so on, which will appeal strongly no doubt to all members of old residential families. But the church has had an eventful history, and has preserved its continuity through some stormy and difficult periods, before attaining its present dignity and prosperity. In antiquity it has few rivals and it has had several distinguished pastors, such as the Rev. Thomas Poyer, the Rev. Samuel Seabury, who became the first American bishop; the Rev. William Lupton Johnson, and Dr. Ladd himself, the rector emeritus. For nearly one hundred years it was administered by the missionaries of the Venerable Society of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel,

which establishes for it an unique association with the Church of England. Dr. Ladd has accomplished a labor of love with great industry and completeness, but his work would have been much more attractive if he had not so overlaid it with insignificant personal details. It is, nevertheless, a full and authoritative record.

It is refreshing to open a book on Ethics which makes no claim to originality. This is an experience which one may enjoy by reading Prof. Durant Drake's "Problems of Conduct" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.75). And the experience is not only refreshing; it is encouraging. For surely it is high time that writers on ethics should give up the notion (borrowed from metaphysicians) that their books must be "original"; and should seek, instead, to place the study of the moral life so far as possible on a par with other sciences in which at least the more important questions are fairly well settled. But if Professor Drake has not concocted an original book he has written a very sensible and useful one. By not seeking to devise something new he has been able to give the student what is best in the old. Following in a general way the plan of Dewey and Tufts's admirable but somewhat difficult "Ethics," Professor Drake begins his presentation with a survey of the "Evolution of Morality" (in which he has followed Dewey and Tufts rather closely); this is supplemented in Part II by "The Theory of Morality"; while Parts III and IV apply the theory thus presented to the problems of "Personal Morality" and "Public Morality" respectively.

Professor Drake's ethical theory is based upon a direct appeal to human experience of value—of "good" and "bad"—thus following the example of Professor James and Professor Perry, and avoiding equally the abstractions of formalism, the narrowness of hedonism, and the strange blindness of Westermarck and the anthropological school. Part II is thus filled with very sound sense; but it is the practical applications of ethical theory found in Parts III and IV that are most noteworthy. Through a series of sixteen chapters the author discusses with great persuasiveness and admirable balance a large number of questions that press for decision in the mind of every young man and woman and of every good citizen. Professor Drake's point of view is decidedly that of the Puritan; and some of his remarks may bring a passing smile to the reader; as when he urges that "rallies" with "light refreshments" be substituted for college smokers with cigarettes; or compares alcoholic beverages disadvantageously with the "many other delicious drinks" which are far less expensive and deleterious. But our author is always reasonable and broad-minded, and never dogmatic. If, on dipping into his views of life, the reader feels at first that we have here typical Methodist Puritanism put into systematic form, he is likely, on reading further, to ask himself whether Professor Drake's type of Puritanism be not the soundest sense and the deepest wisdom.

In "Coasting Bohemia" (Macmillan) the veteran art critic and dramatist, Comyns Carr, offers an enticing medley of essays. There are personal reminiscences of Millais, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema, Whistler, George Meredith, Henry Irving, and Ar-

thur Sullivan. There is a general survey of the English School of Painting, written for the Rome Exposition. Sex in Tragedy, a study of the character of Lady Macbeth, is the most complete and elaborate of the essays. In it the author vindicates the essentially feminine character of this sinister heroine, as interpreted by Mrs. Siddons, against the quasi-masculine reading which Fanny Kemble by precept and example made standard for the British stage. There are a couple of minor-theatrical studies, and, that variety should not be missing, a record of early experiences at the bar, and even a chronicle of trout-fishing days. A certain mellowness and alertness are a sufficient bond among these various topics. The collection affords capital browsing. Mr. Carr gives a version of Rossetti's famous dictum as follows: "A picture is a painted poem. Those who deny it are simply men who have no poetry in their composition." Of Whistler it is felicitously said "to balk him of a controversy was to rob him of his peace of mind." One would love to see that drawing of "Susanna and the elders—after the manner of Rubens" which Burne-Jones in mock repentance once sent to the Coaster of Bohemia.

Beginning with the defence of the essential greatness of that quality which has "multiplied usefulness," "flooded our highways with the fleet automobile," "bridged rivers and mountains, and united nations," E. Leichter, the author of "Successful Selling" (Funk & Wagnalls; 50 cents net), follows conventional lines by considering in successive chapters Requisite Qualities, The Approach, The Presentation, The Closing, and Negations (objections raised by the prospective buyer). He then takes aim at bigger game by discussing the "Larger Sale"; that is, the salesmanship of the lecturer, advertiser, sales manager, and, finally, any great moulder of men who rouses in others the desire for action and achievement. The final chapter is a narrative of what one man accomplished in a tempestuous business career by adding to the optimism of the born salesman the capacity for hard work. The analysis of the book is true. For example, that sensitiveness is one of the prime qualifications of the salesman would be challenged by many an aggressive, loud-voiced seller who pins his faith to "self-confidence"; nevertheless, that very quality which makes a young man dread the road, with its certainty of rebuff, antagonism, and its possible failures, is the one which makes possible the swift diagnosing of the adversary, the detection of his increasing warmth or coldness, and the perception of the right instant for the all-important "closing" of the sale. The book is thoughtful and sensible. If it has a fault it is that its manner of presentation may prevent the average salesman from reading it. It does not deal with salesmen and salesmanship as they are, but as they should be; and it lacks the strong human appeal of the method that proceeds by anecdote and illustration. Mr. Leichter puts the ideal salesman before us, acting on inspiring motives, selling a product which it must be a privilege for the other man to purchase. He does not go beyond personal salesmanship into that broad field of market study, discovery of the right classes and individuals to whom to appeal, and other details of modern salesmanship in its broadest aspect. Nevertheless, his little book is a worthy contribution to the subject.

One finds a wholly different world revealed in William Maxwell's "Salesmanship" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1 net). Here is the "old man" himself, graduated from the road of experience into the office of authority, where he tells "the boys" his experience and points a homely moral. He says, at the outset: "My observation of mankind is that a majority do not possess a very highly developed sense of humor, and are either irritated by, or fail to comprehend, any but the broadest or most colloquial sort. Therefore . . . when I approach him, I am as serious as I know how to be." As Mr. Maxwell's entire book is a more or less humorous treatment of the subject, he must credit the reader with a liking for the "colloquial sort," or else he expects his salesman audience to take him seriously while he, as it were, casts a sly wink at the other readers. This may bear some reference to the fact that the articles here published in book form originally appeared in *Collier's*, and were doubtless written to amuse as well as to instruct. They were at the time favorably commented upon by men who were themselves successful salesmen. Instead of the usual division of the sale into approach, presentation, and so on, Mr. Maxwell gives us the following analysis: "(1) You must gain his undivided attention; (2) you must arouse his definite interest; (3) you must create an unqualified belief in and accord with your statements; (4) when you have removed all quibbles and doubts from his mind, you must replace them instantly with an impelling resolution to do the thing you ask." Here is something we can understand at once. When we come to the illustration, we find an exceedingly clever salesman presenting a saw to a jobber with the question, "Have you an organization that can sell a very high-grade saw?" Discernment of the other's weakness, appeal to his pride, cornering him where he cannot come back with anything to close the argument—all these and other principles are hidden in this seemingly innocent question. Instead of filling the salesman's head with principles, the author reveals them to him in a single sentence which brings up the desired vision of the jobber behind the desk, trying to frame an answer, while the salesman sits ready to turn any reply to his own advantage. This is typical of Mr. Maxwell's method throughout. The humor may be overdrawn and the treatment of the subject somewhat flippant, but there is no doubting the meaning, and the underlying principles are sound. The customer who has suffered at the hands of certain retail clerks and shop-girls will enjoy the chapters on retail salesmanship, and even the buyer of a business concern will find a chapter wherein he is told how to thwart, harass, and overcome an obnoxious and too persistent salesman.

That there must be a demand for *rechauffés* of the stale scandals attaching to long-dead royalties would seem to be shown by the unceasing supply, but the mind boggles at imaging those who read them. It may be, of course, that unsophisticated young persons of the back-woods study them by stealth with the same sense of guilty adventure as did once schoolboys read in secret yellow-backed French novels. Whether or no, Mr. Lyndon Orr, in "Famous Affinities of History" (Harper; \$2), follows the beaten track with all due industry, and if he tells us nothing that is new and little that is worth while, at

least he keeps a reverent eye on the proprieties—which may or may not please the supposititious persons of the woods. If there be any reason why such books as this should be written, there seems no reason why they should not be written like this.

An unusually pedestrian piece of bookmaking is E. G. Bell's "Introduction to the Prose Romances, Plays, and Comedies of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton" (Chicago: Walter M. Hill). The method of the author is simple. Following a brief treatise in polysyllabic language on the nature of literature and romance, and a fulsome estimate of the place of Lord Lytton in English literary history, disconnected résumés of the various dramas and novels are presented in chronological order. No insight illuminates these condensations, and it would be possible to go through them to the end without suspecting that the noble author had ever satirized a contemporary figure, or hoped to rival Scott, or dreamed of a special philosophical criticism of humanity. What the preface announces as an "attempt to explain and appreciate the achievements of a great writer" is but a volume of tabloid narratives.

Science

A CREDITABLE RECORD.

Chemistry in America: Chapters from the History of the Science in the United States. By Edgar F. Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50 net.

Dr. Smith has brought together in this volume the notes he has collected on the earlier American chemists, with many of their papers and addresses. He has not attempted to write a history of the development of chemistry in this country, but offers these "Chapters" so that "chemists of today may have, in easily accessible form, copies, at least, of some of the real treasures of our science, and with the hope that through them they may be stimulated to search for other, still hidden, documents of equal or of greater value." The chemical papers which are here reprinted fill most of the book. Among the longer ones are: two "orations" delivered before the Chemical Society of Philadelphia in 1798 and 1801, which occupy fifty-five pages; a twenty-four-page "Memoir of the Supply and Application of the Blow-Pipe," by Robert Hare, jr.; and a paper by Josiah Cooke of thirty-five pages on "The Numerical Relations between the Atomic Weights." Many readers will probably feel that the reproduction of these and other papers in full is hardly worth while, and would be better pleased if Dr. Smith had treated them as he has Carey Lea's work—by giving abstracts with running comment and adding references to the literature where they originally appeared, or to the places where they can be found.

The biographical notes are apparently intended to include all of the more prominent chemists who are no longer living. While the omission of those who are still active

may have saved the author some embarrassment, it necessarily excludes from his account most of the more noteworthy contributions to the science in this country. There seems to be no very good reason why Dr. Smith should not have added to his notes some of the chief investigations of living American chemists, especially since he does not limit himself to a definite period, but includes the work of men who died in the twentieth century. As it is, the historical chapters cover the ground pretty completely to the middle of the last century, and then tail off to a ragged conclusion.

The earliest chemical contribution from this country, according to the author, bears the date of September 10, 1768. This was a paper on the analysis of chalybeate waters of Bristol, Pa., by Dr. John de Normandie, and was published in the first volume of the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society" in 1789. This paper, with another by the same investigator, and two by others which appeared in the "Transactions" are given in full with the comment: "These communications testify to a spirit of inquiry, at least, on the part of our early devotees to science. They are, further, interesting in that they show the use of the balance as early as 1768."

Much of the early interest in chemistry centred in Philadelphia, and the first chemical society in the world was the Chemical Society of Philadelphia, founded in 1792 by James Woodhouse, professor in the University of Pennsylvania. This society existed for about seventeen years, and after an interval of four years was followed by the Columbian Chemical Society, also of Philadelphia. The most notable names in the Pennsylvania group are those of Hutchinson (1752-1793), Woodhouse (1770-1809), Cooper (1759-1841), Hare (1781-1858), Booth (1810-1888), Genth (1820-1893), and Lea (1823-1897). The first three of these and Genth were professors of chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and all of them as teachers and investigators accomplished much for the advancement of the science in this country. Among the other chemists whose personalities and scientific activities are described in the author's notes are: Maclean of Princeton (1771-1814), Gorham (1783-1829), and Cooke (1727-1804), of Harvard; Silliman (1779-1864) and Johnson (1830-1909) of Yale; Sterry Hunt (1826-1892), J. Lawrence Smith (1818-1883), Wolcott Gibbs (1822-1908), and Willard Gibbs (1839-1903). Among all these names the last stands out as that of the author of a paper which is one of the most important contributions ever made to theoretical chemistry. The work, not of a chemist, but of a professor of mathematical physics at Yale, Willard Gibbs's discussion of "The Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances," though at first overlooked and neglected, became the foundation of a new department of chemical science, which, as Le Chatelier says, is becoming comparable with that created by Lavoisier.

The chapter on Priestley will be found by many readers easily the most interesting in

the book. The coming of this famous chemical discoverer to this country, in 1794, greatly stimulated the interest here in the science. Priestley, as is well-known, was a phlogistonist and remained an ardent advocate of this theory to the day of his death in 1804, and, unable to understand that his discovery of oxygen had sounded the death-knell of phlogiston, confidently believed to the last that his views would finally prevail. But chemistry was to him hardly more than the diversion of a theologian, and it is perhaps not strange that, though a brilliant discoverer, he should have been weak in logic. In spite of the fact that most of the American chemists among whom he found himself were anti-phlogistonists, any hostility to the modest, kindly man was impossible, and he was welcomed and honored during the ten years he lived in Pennsylvania. Benjamin Franklin, who had been his friend in England, and had aided him at that time in the publication of his "History of Electricity," made strenuous efforts to persuade the "honest heretic" to settle in Philadelphia, but Priestley, for some reason, preferred to take up his residence at Northumberland, in the same State, and would not accept the offer of a professorship in the University of Pennsylvania, though it apparently involved an absence of only four months a year from his home. Two letters of Priestley's are given in facsimile, and the longer one, which describes experiments which he thinks convincing evidence for his pet theory of phlogiston, appears here for the first time in print. His death "cast a gloom over all scientific activity in the United States." The eulogium delivered before the American Philosophical Society by Dr. Benjamin S. Barton, which includes an account of Priestley's last days, concludes the chapter.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Smith, whose interest in the field is shown by this collection of notes, or some other qualified person, will before long write a real "History of Chemistry in the United States" which shall not only bring the narrative down to date, but deal with the development of our chemical industries, the progress of chemical instruction, and the debt it owes to Germany, the rise and progress of our chemical societies, our chemical periodicals and literature, with a glance at the ever-lengthening file of textbooks, etc. Such a book would not only be of interest and value as a record of an important phase of our intellectual and material development, but also, especially in its later chapters, an inspiration and encouragement to the more recent workers in this scientific field.

"Chemistry for Nurses," by Dr. Reuben Ottenberg (Macmillan; \$1.00), was written "in response to what the author believes is a real need. There is no simple yet modern textbook on this subject." Nurses have had to get their chemistry either from school textbooks, which are written from a different point of view and ignore many subjects of especial importance for them, or from the chemistries for medical students, which are usually too difficult. In this little book the author has avoided technicalities as much as

possible, and suggests the use of it "not as a catalogue of facts to be learned outright, but as a reasoned explanation of things which otherwise would remain obscure." The result is an instructive and unusually readable text of 134 pages, well conceived to accomplish its purpose. The dangers of loose statement which attend an attempt to present the subject in a very simple manner have, for the most part, been skilfully avoided. One or two slips may be noted: The nurses will find it difficult to collect hydrogen from the action of nitric acid on silver (p. 39); the suggestion that enzymes are living organisms in the statements that boiling or acids "kill" the enzymes (pages 104 and 105) is unfortunate; and the use of the term hydrate for hydroxide, as in "sodium hydrate," cannot be commended.

Mr. W. F. Demming, of Bristol, England, an authority of the first order on such matters, reports an extraordinary meteoritic fall in Lancashire on the evening of October 13. The meteor penetrated to a point in the atmosphere so low, and its speed at the last had so far slackened, that visible combustion ceased, and the meteorite fell to the ground in an opaque, cooling condition, penetrating the soil to only a moderate depth. The radiant was probably from the western region of Pisces, and the velocity in space, before encounter with the earth, was about twenty-six miles per second, which was reduced by friction and resistance of our atmosphere to only a few hundred feet per second. As first seen, there was a sudden and vivid illumination of the heavens which lit up the whole countryside, and consisted of several outbursts, the final one being the brightest flash. Then, a short interval afterwards, the estimated periods varying from a few seconds to four minutes, according to the distances of the observers, there was a tremendous report, as though a thunder-like explosion had occurred. This was followed by a series of rumblings extending apparently back along the flight of the luminous object. At several places the windows are stated to have been shaken, and the vibration was such that it presented some similarity to an earthquake shock. Numbers of persons in Manchester, Liverpool, Halifax, Northwich, Bolton, Macclesfield, and other towns witnessed the event and heard the noise, and in the present agitated state of the public mind, all sorts of ideas were formed as to the nature of the phenomenon. A large detonating meteor had, notwithstanding the rather cloudy state of the atmosphere, not only penetrated the lower region of the air, but had resisted complete disruption and fallen to the ground. It was discovered on the following day at Appley Bridge, four miles west-northwest of Wigan. An employee of Mr. Lyon, of Halliwell Farm, noticed a newly turned-up mound in a field, and, on examination, he saw a reddish mass of strange material lying in a hole about eighteen inches below the surface. On being dug out, the object weighed about thirty-three pounds, and in appearance looked like a rough piece of burned iron. Subsequently, the county police took possession of the strange visitor, and it has since been handed over to the curator of the Godlee Observatory, Manchester, for proper investigation. Previous recorded meteorite falls in England were in 1795, 1830, 1835, 1876 (an eight-pound siderite which fell at Rowton), 1888. In 1902 a 9½-pound meteorite fell at Crumton, Ireland.

Drama

THE ETERNAL SEX.

Three Modern Plays from the French. By Barrett H. Clark and Charlotte Tenney David. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50 net.

The three plays in this volume are "The Prince d'Aurec" of Henry Lavedan, "The Pardon" of Jules Lemaitre, and "The Other Danger" of Maurice Donnay. Each of them is a representative example of modern French drama, each of them is marked by notable literary and theatrical qualities, by skilful characterization and striking situations, and each of them is thoroughly well made. These reasons are sufficient, perhaps, to justify their translation, and doubtless they will be read with interest by many readers unable to enjoy them in the original. Nevertheless, there was no urgent necessity for their appearance in English form. They are so essentially French in spirit, atmosphere, and expression that their best artistry is only dimly reflected in another tongue. Moreover, not one of them is an enduring masterpiece, as is indicated by the fact that they have virtually already disappeared from the stage. This is because their themes are artificial and specific, without any permanent power of popular appeal.

The fact that they all deal, *more Gallico*, with various phases of illicit passion, is not, as Mr. Clayton Hamilton appears to suggest in a prefatory notice, so much to the purpose. The American public, unfortunately, is no longer squeamish in such matters. They contain repellent situations, certainly, but there are other reasons why they would be unlikely to succeed on the English-speaking stage. They present an unfamiliar society, are unsympathetic, and, in their conclusions, contrary to ordinary human experience. The deftness and polish of their literary and artistic execution do not compensate for these radical defects. In its bare outlines the story of "The Prince d'Aurec" is utterly conventional. A millionaire Jew, in love with the pert wife of a spendthrift nobleman, lends money to both, in the hope that the former will surrender her honor in payment. The Prince himself, scion of a decadent aristocracy, who pleads the privilege of birth as ample excuse for every form of mean and profligate dishonesty, is an utterly contemptible creature, who talks of dying nobly, when he has not the courage to strike the blow that might have shown a trace of latent manhood. It may be granted that Lavedan exhibits artistic consistency in his portrayal, with the view to emphasizing the worthlessness of an imaginary type, but that only convicts him of illustrating a theory instead of life. The Jew is vital, but of the commonest and most unlovely clay. As for the Princess, she, assuredly, if credible, has no claim upon sympathy or respect. It is a sordid, theatrical tale, brilliantly told, but unreal and insignificant.

Mr. Hamilton says that no play can be immoral if it is true. Herein is a pestiferous fallacy. That the bald relation of facts, however horrible—for scientific purposes, for instance—need not be immoral, is a mere platitude. It is a different matter altogether when immoral acts are related with a view to condoning them or to creating sympathy with the offenders. This is the case with "The Pardon," as in the vast majority of plays in which sexual irregularity is the motive. Professedly, Lemaitre's piece is a study in psychology, but the conclusion which he reaches is entirely arbitrary and preposterous. A husband, who is devoted to the wife who has betrayed him, forgives her and takes her back. But the sense of injury remains with him, until he has equalized matters by entering upon a liaison with a married woman, his wife's closest friend, who had brought about the original reconciliation. The idea is nasty, and the sexual philosophy untrue. The whole subject is unworthy of the ability wasted upon it.

The thesis of "The Other Danger" is still more unnatural and repulsive, and is not mitigated by the brilliant literary and constructive ability manifested in the play itself. Madeleine Jadain, *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*, falls in love with a man of whom her mother has long been and still is the mistress. She discovers the fact, which nearly kills her, and accuses her mother, who vehemently asserts her innocence. Then the mother, finding that the lover has transferred his affections to the daughter, insists upon his marrying the latter and keeping the past secret. No glamour of literary treatment can disguise the essential foulness and unnaturalness of such a fiction. It should be added that the work of the translators, Barrett H. Clark and Charlotte Tenney David, is well done.

"SECRET STRINGS."

An excellent performance by Mr. Lou-Tellegen, and a good last act, alone saved "Secret Strings" from being a tiresome play. This detective drama, written by Kate Jordan, and produced by H. H. Frazee at the Longacre Theatre, has as its chief figure a thief fashioned somewhat on the type of Arsène Lupin, but lacking that *piquante naïveté* that was the whole substance of Lupin. There is also less ingenuity in the construction of the later piece, and here and there, melodramatic effects are seemingly clumsily obtained. Altogether, the movement is slow until the last fifteen minutes of acting, when it is speeded up to a climax that is unusually satisfying.

The scenes of the play are set in Paris and in Nantes. The first act, which is in two scenes, reveals René Marquenne and his companions plotting to steal the diamonds of the Comte and Comtesse Lamballieu, René's invisible means of support being, as he himself says, "taking from the over-plus of the over-fed." To accomplish his end he traps into aiding him his wife, who had married him in all innocence of his character, and who had promptly left him when she discovered his predilection to crime. The second scene opens in the Lamballieu château, in

Nantes, where the wife, innocent of the plot to rob, has been installed as companion to the Comtesse. The two acts following show the gradual leading up to the robbery, and how that succeeds and fails and succeeds again makes up a thrilling fourth act.

Mr. Lou-Tellegen as René gives a finished performance, and is well supported by Miss Mary Nash in the rôle of his estranged wife. The other parts of importance are played by Miss Marion Abbott, Mr. Frederic de Belleville, Mr. Hamilton Revelle, and Miss Blanche Yurka.

"THE SHOW SHOP."

"Something about the stage" is what James Forbes calls "The Show Shop," and that description fits it, as it is of a type which has been common of late in the theatres—a play within a play. It is intended solely for amusement, and is likely to fulfil its mission at the Hudson Theatre, as there is scarcely a dull moment in it. The lines and situations are both amusing, and the company is remarkably good. The scene opens in the office of Max Rosenbaum, theatrical manager, just as his leading man and woman have thrown up their parts. Bettina Dean, an ingénue, with a stage mother, christened "lion tamer" by Max's stage manager, is engaged for the part. She no sooner departs from the office than Jerome Belden, a rich young man, appears on the scene. He is in love with Bettina, and has secured her mother's consent to their marriage, provided the engagement is not negotiated. Jerry pleads with Max to cancel the contract, but in vain; so, in order to be near his sweetheart, Jerry obtains an engagement as leading man.

The play is produced, and is a colossal failure, Max appearing at the hotel of the company in a small town to give the notice. An old hand at the business, Betty's mother had seen the signs of dissolution, and, unknown to the pair of lovers, had secured an engagement for Betty with another manager. She announces the fact to the assembled company, and sails off to her room with Betty. To circumvent the old lady, Jerry induces Max to produce a play that is bound to fail, for which he will provide the money, and in which Betty shall be starred on Broadway. Jerry is to play the leading man, and rehearsals seem to promise as complete a fiasco as the schemers could wish for. The climax comes with the morning after the first performance, when, to the horror of the pair, the newspapers are glowing in their praise of the production, and the rush at the box office presages a long run. Betty, however, rises to the occasion by declaring that she will not play again until she has married Jerry, and, rather than have the piece closed, the "lion tamer" concedes the point.

All this is nothing more than revamping old material, but the treatment is new, and the whole production is played with tremendous zest. Douglas Fairbanks is well suited to the part of Jerry, and rollicks through the play in a breezy, wholesome manner, ably supported by Miss Patricia Collinge. George Sidney gives an excellent performance as Max, and Fred A. Sparks is an artistic stage manager. Zelda Sears has a good character part as the stage mother, and never misses a point. Olive May and William Sampson, a pair of old performers, are cordially welcome, and Edna Aug is quite satisfactory in a small part.

"A MIX-UP."

Parker A. Hord's play, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, "is constructed for laughing purposes only," and is further described, somewhat equivocally, as a "farical success." In reality, it is a not unclever farce, written to provide Marie Dressler with a vehicle for the display of her histrionic powers. As those powers owe more to energy than to subtlety, the plot is obviously meant to be of the side-splitting variety. In places, it succeeds in the attempt of its own force; at other times it requires all the resources of the star to save it from inanition. This is due in part to the fact that there is nothing novel in the circumstance of a man whose wife is away introducing another woman as occupying that position. At least, this is a familiar enough spectacle on the stage. Unluckily for Robert Hickman's peace, the woman whom, having known for not above a half-hour, he suddenly presents to his suddenly arrived uncle and aunt is of a very different type from the woman whom his letters have described to them. As a result, we have solemn temperance lectures from the aunt more particularly, who is well played by Sarah McVicker, and frantic efforts by Hickman and the woman, played by Miss Dressler, to disentangle themselves from the web of his weaving. The Hickmans' cook, Nora, amusingly represented by Julia Blanc, adds the volume of her robust voice to the confusion at ill-chosen moments, and all the time Miss Dressler is either doing or getting ready to do something uproarious. The return of the real Mrs. Hickman, with her mother, and later the arrival of the husband of the fictitious Mrs. Hickman, give new turns to the happenings, which, after having been made to do their utmost in the way of provoking laughter, end as all farces must.

R. J. D.

A. B. Walkley, writing in the London *Times* of Sir Herbert Tree's Falstaff in the revival of Henry IV, says: "Falstaff, we fear, is getting a little fly-blown. A fat paunch has ceased to be merely for its own sake a good joke. For our part, we had rather read Falstaff than see him. His humor, his resource, his worldly philosophy, are all there, to be enjoyed on the page. But in the flesh his paunch worries us almost as much as it obviously does Sir Herbert Tree." Falstaff fly-blown! This is the flattest blasphemy. It is true enough that there is nothing excruciatingly funny in a fat paunch, but then the fat paunch is the very smallest item in the sum of Falstaff's humors. It is, unfortunately, about the funniest thing in the Falstaff of Sir Herbert Tree, but it is rather hard upon Shakespeare that he should be blamed for that. There has not been a really capable performance of Falstaff since the days of old Barrett, Phelps, and Hackett. Only an uninspired and mechanical actor would exaggerate the "fair round belly with good capon lined," as Jacques hath it. The Prince and Poins doubtless made the most of this girth when chaffing Falstaff. Mr. Walkley evidently found little to laugh at except the rotundity. A severer reflection on the performance could not easily be imagined. But how could a player who was overweighted by the comparatively simple Falstaff of "The Merry Wives" be reasonably expected to carry the burthen of the immortal creation in the earlier play?

Music

"NATIONAL MATINEES" IN PARIS.

PARIS, December 20.

The French Government—or, to name the particular department, the Under Secretary of Fine Arts—is trying a war experiment with the people in Paris. In the all but total default of theatre and opera, he has had Sunday "national matinées" organized in the University amphitheatre at the Sorbonne. This vast hall holds a public of 3,000, facing the long stretch of wall where Puvion de Chavannes painted in pale simplicity men and women developing the arts of civilization.

In the gay days of Paris it was easy to gather here a Sunday audience from the "serious" people who have always been the rank and file of the University quarter. I have a vivid recollection of standing an hour in the passageway amid the crowd to hear Edmond Demolins explain that each people and each citizen should sweep before their own door—and the whole world would be clean. He has not lived to see his people struggling for mere existence; but they are helped to struggle by the spirit he infused into French youth. At the time, he was blamed for leading young Frenchmen along English public school ways; and he really lived to see their inherited Corporalism all but extinct. Now, in a united and fraternal and democratic army, they are fighting to the death against Prussian militarism. This is not a digression, for these national matinées are intended to keep up the heart of the people of Paris.

The first Sunday, which also opened the Advent season of the church, the national hymns of all the Allies were sung, each to universal applause. But when the "Brabançonne" of Belgium began, the assembled thousands took up the inspiring strain and forced the director of the orchestra to give it all over again three times. Madame Bartet, the bright particular star of the Théâtre Français, to whom Parisians do most look up, then recited with her noble voice and pose Paul Déroulède's "Greeting to Belgium." He, too, has not lived to see the great deeds which are due to the courage and constancy he gave his life to infuse into the soul of Young France. With this the public broke down utterly. Belgium and King Albert are recognized to be the saviours of France as a nation; and these sober-faced, sadly dressed Parisians—true Parisians whom the foreigner could not see, though they were always here—gave full vent to their feelings. They belonged to every class of society—all sorts and conditions of Parisian men and women.

The hymns of their own country came next. There was the "Revanche" of Erckmann-Chatrian, whose novels some of us used to read in the days of Napoleon and Eugénie, but whose Alsatian soul was poured out fully at a later day in these strophes

of sorrow and hope. There were hymns to France and her people from Victor Hugo and Theodore Banville down to Bornier and Daudet and Rostand. Tears came instead of cheers when the names of poets and writers who have gone forth to meet their death in this war were proclaimed. They are the true exponents of the new French soul—men like Charles Muller, Emile Nolly, one of four brothers serving; Pierre Gilbert, Alain Fournier; Guy de Cassagnac, whose author-brother is wounded; Charles Péguy, the poet, and Ernest Psichari, the grandson of Renan.

Alfred Croizet, who has been so long at the head of the University faculty of letters, made an address to listeners willing to understand. He explained how it is that French literature, while generally full for the uses of every time, has its own particular masterpieces for the national struggle for life now waging. Under the overlying weight of German erudition, his lifetime of Greek scholarship has earned world-wide recognition; but he has remained a Frenchman, clear-minded and clear-tongued, and so has saved his soul for the present need.

It was a sight—it was a comforting sound—all this mighty assembly singing together the "Marseillaise"; for that, more than ever, has become the nation's protest for liberty. And remark that entrance to these national matinées has to be paid as at any theatre. The money goes to the wounded in war—and to *artistes* whom war deprives of their living.

With December, also, the two great musical concerts—Colonne and Lamoureux—have united their forces for Sunday afternoons. It is another return to the normal life of Paris. But it is not the old programme, from which in these late years Wagner was never absent. Saint-Saëns has explained why he should go by the board for a time to come, not only for his elephantine enmity to France, but for the sake of the French heart and ear. The concert of Sunday, December 13, began with Bizet's little-known overture of "Patrie" (he was curiously Nietzsche's favorite after the quarrel with Wagner); Gabriel Fauré's music to Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande"; Vincent D'Indy's unexpectedly idyllic "Sauge fleurie" ("Sage in Flower"), and a symphony of Saint-Saëns, with organ. And there was an orchestral fantasia on two "Noëls" of the Walloon people by the Belgian composer Jongen. So each comes into his own again, in spite of—because of—the war.

S. D.

Bordeaux is, according to a correspondent of the London *Truth*, "in no mood for play-going, but the cinema entertainments dealing with the war draw crowds. The music is in minor key. So are—at least, mostly—the pieces played at spiritual concerts in churches for the benefit of Red Cross societies. One heard last week at Ste. Eulalie's an andante of Moussorgsky, the Third Symphony of Saint-Saëns, the 'Première Symphonie' of Guilmant, and—in honor of French soldiers slain in the war—Chopin's Funeral March, which stimulated hearers' nerves to a visibly high pitch and drew floods of tears from their eyes."

FAMOUS MODERN MUSICIANS.

Musicians of To-day. By Romain Rolland.

New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

Nature in Music. By Lawrence Gilman. New

York: John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.

That Romain Rolland is an interesting and stimulating writer is abundantly demonstrated by the fact that he has been able to spin out his story of Jean-Christophe to ten volumes, and still find plenty of readers for it, as well as a much-coveted literary prize. In those ten volumes there is a good deal about music and musicians. Their author is professor of musical criticism in the Sorbonne, and among his other books are biographies of Beethoven and Hugo Wolf, a history of opera before Lulli and Scarlatti, and two volumes of essays on composers of the past and the present. One of these has now been given to readers of English under the title of "Musicians of To-day." The translation, by Mary Blaiklock, is satisfactory except in cases where the author's citations from German writers are Englished from the French instead of from the original. In France this volume has already passed through five editions, and there is no reason why it should not be equally in demand here, for even if many disagree with some of the author's opinions, all must find his pages informative and illuminating.

Inconsistency and exaggeration are M. Rolland's chief defects. On one page he tells his readers that "all the greatest French composers are foreigners" (Lulli, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Grétry, Franck), yet on another he refers to Bizet as the most spontaneous of French masters, and on still another he declares, in speaking of Berlioz, that "whether he attracts one or not, a thimbleful of some of his work, a little bit of the 'Fantastique,' or the overture of Benvenuto, reveal more genius—I am not afraid to say it—than all the French music of his century." His statements that Berlioz's descriptive symphonies are "the boldest musical achievement of the nineteenth century," and that he is, even more than Wagner, the creator of "an art of the future," will be endorsed by very few. Yet, with all its exaggerations, M. Rolland's chapter on Berlioz is worth pondering. It gives a vivid picture of a most extraordinary individuality, the originator, no doubt, of a French revolution in music infinitely more important and far-reaching than that ascribed to Debussy, for Berlioz shares with Liszt and Wagner the honor of having emancipated music from the shackles of cramping traditional forms. In this sense, and in this only, is it proper to speak of a Berlioz-Liszt-Wagner school.

M. Rolland confesses that he is not a Debussyite: "my sympathies are with quite another kind of art." In his opinion "the historical importance of Debussy's work is greater than its artistic value." He contributes an appreciative chapter on "Pelléas et Mélisande," in which he says that the composer's attitude is "like a fear of showing the feelings at all, even when they

are most deeply stirred. With Debussy the passions almost whisper." This procedure he does not condemn, although it is surely as unoperatic as it is undramatic. Is it French? According to M. Rolland, Debussy "is bringing back to French music its true nature and its forgotten ideals—its clearness, its elegant simplicity, its naturalness, and especially its grace and plastic beauty." Grace, yes; but to others the qualities of clearness, simplicity, naturalness, and plastic beauty seem to be precisely the ones missing in Debussy's operatic and concert music.

Undoubtedly, the Frenchest of the French composers are Bizet, Gounod, and Massenet; their works have much more of the qualities we admire in French folk music and French art and literature in general than the works of Berlioz and Debussy. Saint-Saëns represents another aspect of truly Gallic art which M. Rolland fails to discern; he speaks of that composer as "an unusual figure in France—one would have thought rather to find his home in Germany." But Saint-Saëns is almost as typically French as are Bizet, Gounod, and Massenet—much more so than the eccentric and excessively individualized Berlioz and Debussy. He has, to be sure, all the erudition, science, and thoroughness of a German, but with genuine French cleverness he hides these qualities in concise forms and a lucid style, and always leavens his dough with Gallic yeast, wherefore his bread is always unmistakably Parisian.

While M. Rolland's failure to comprehend what is really French in music is most surprising, it does not prevent his chapters from being, as already stated, informative in many directions. The one on Saint-Saëns is particularly worth reading. Other composers discussed are Vincent D'Indy, Wagner, Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, and Lorenzo Perosi. The last hundred pages discuss French and German music in general, together with what the author calls "The Awakening," including a sketch of the musical movement in Paris since 1870, with remarks on the leading musical institutions. Noticeable pages are those on the unmusical literary men of France (with exceptions) and on the thoroughness with which Wagner at one time made the French see and judge the whole universe by the thought of Bayreuth. "The finest service that Wagnerism rendered to French art was that it interested the general public in music."

Lawrence Gilman's book is more than its main title indicates. The sub-title, "And Other Studies in the Tone Poetry of Today," brings us a little nearer the mark. The seven chapters are headed: Nature in Music; (Tonal Landscapes, Music and the Sea); Death and the Musicians; Strauss and the Greeks; The Question of Opera in English; A Note on Montemezzi; The Place of Grieg; A Musical Cosmopolite. Mr. Gilman's books are always worth reading, as well as thought-stimulating. He looks at older topics from neglected angles and revels in new enthusiasms. Too often, one feels tempted to say, he indulges in passionate adoration of medi-

ocrity, as exhibited in works by R. Strauss, Vincent D'Indy, Charles Martin Loeffler, and in Debussy's ephemeral opera; coupled with a thinly veiled dislike of the works of real men of genius like Grieg and Saint-Saëns; but one pardons his lack of ability to appreciate these two because of his enthusiasm for America's greatest composer, Edward MacDowell, whose life he has written. This very enthusiasm, however, involves a psychological puzzle, for MacDowell's music resembles Grieg's infinitely more than it does that of any other composer, and of all the masters he adored none more than Grieg. It should be added, however, that Mr. Gilman does find Grieg "thrice-admirable in this: he wears no one's mantle; he borrows no one's speech"; and he even chastises those who would belittle Grieg's pieces because they are short. Is that "masterpiece-in-little 'Aase's Death' any less deeply and largely tragic, less fine and memorable, less admirable a masterpiece, because it is so"?

In the section on Death and the Musicians, Mr. Gilman discourses on Tchaikovsky, "the typical tone-poet of death," on Rachmaninoff's symphonic poem, "The Island of the Dead," Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration," and Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," which is so short, yet none the less a masterpiece. But the most important part of the book is the first section, on nature as portrayed by musicians. After a brief general survey of the subject of Programme Music (to which Frederick Niecks has devoted a whole volume of 548 pages), he declares that, "the supreme achievements of musical landscape-painting are of to-day," and proceeds to demonstrate that they are to be found in the compositions of two French masters—Claude Debussy and Vincent D'Indy—and two Americans—Charles Martin Loeffler and Edward MacDowell. So far as sea music is concerned, he finds its culmination in MacDowell's "Sea Pieces," which, though written for the monochromatic keyboard of the piano, "present a composite picture of the sea that is astonishing in its variety and breadth." It is to be hoped that Mr. Gilman's eloquent remarks on these masterpieces will arouse concert pianists to a realizing sense of their folly in neglecting them.

HENRY T. FINCK.

A feature of the programme of the Flonzaley Quartet for Monday evening, January 25, will be the Max Reger Quartet in D minor. When this work appeared in 1904, the composer was only thirty-one years of age, but had already become a prominent figure in German musical life. In spite of his originality, Reger, in his D minor Quartet, shows his classical leanings by the retention of the traditional sonata form in the first movement. The second movement is a scherzo, in which he shows a characteristic capriciousness of mood that expresses itself both in rhythm and dynamic surprises. The third movement affords an example of the composer's devotion to the time-honored scheme of theme and variation, in the application of which to modern ideas Reger excels. In the energetic finale the composer returns to the animated mood of the scherzo.

Art

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

That it was intended to enshrine a collection of "topical" works of art might almost be supposed from the number of wintry landscapes exhibited in the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design in 57th Street, New York. Most of the best work shown is in landscape, and a surprisingly high percentage, including the canvas awarded the Carnegie Prize, St. Ives, Winter, by Mr. Hayley Lever, is devoted to the study of snow effects. This is perhaps natural, if we consider the opportunities snow offers to the student of light; it is not the less unfortunate in that it hints at a lack of original thought on the part of many of our most able painters. To argue that, because some one else has done something successfully, it were well to follow in the path he has popularized, may show a sound business instinct; it is certainly not the way towards really great art. And it is the more unfortunate that so much of this derivative work shows that, had the artists as great a mastery of their minds as of their hands, they might do really great work.

To begin at the bottom of the ladder, very much the poorest section of the exhibition is that devoted to portraiture. Numerically it is weak; artistically it is still weaker. The majority of the portraits shown are those of supremely uninteresting women, represented as making desperate efforts to "pose for their picture," with should-be alluring smiles photographically depicted and with every trace of the character, that even the stupidest of us possess somewhere within us, sedulously effaced by the painter. Of all those shown there are not more than half-a-dozen which any one, except the sitter and her immediate friends, would ever wish to see again, and only three—or at the most, four—which linger at all pleasantly in the memory. Two of these are male portraits—one, that of Alexander Ernestinoff, to which has been rightly awarded the Proctor Prize, by Mr. Waiman Adams. Here the artist succeeds admirably in expressing—not perhaps in terms over-flattering—the inner personality of his subject as well as the mere "envelope of flesh." In his portrait of Mr. C. L. Hutchinson, again, Mr. Louis Betts shows understanding as well as mere ability, especially in his treatment of the hands. Miss Cecilia Beaux's After the Meeting, which may rank among the portraits, shows breadth and moderation, especially in its treatment of the dress and the chair-back; Mr. J. C. Johansen's portrait of Mr. Alexander Drake may be noted in passing, and Mr. William T. Smedley's Portrait of Miss G. would also deserve a word of commendation, were it not for the determined "pose" of the sitter's smile and attitude.

If the apparent inability of so many of our portraitists to realize that a human being is something more than a collocation of flesh, blood, and bone enclosed in a more or less shapely skin-envelope, offers little

hope for the future, the same need not be said of the work shown in landscape. Derivative though much of it be, it reaches a high level of technical excellence. It is satisfactory, too, to find that more and more of it is yearly devoted to "domestic" scenes. Though, as is shown by the destination of the Carnegie prize, Saint Ives in Cornwall still has its adherents, and Brittany, Venice, or Spain strikes many Americans as more artistic than New Jersey or Louisiana, it is a healthy sign that so much of the best work shown has chosen America for its theme. Mr. Charles Warren Eaton's Shawangunk Valley, a spaciouly atmospheric sunset-study, is a fine piece of suggestion; there is much power in Mr. Gardner Symons's Through Sunlit Hills, as, again, in Mr. Leonard Ochtmann's wintry study of Greenwich Hills. Mr. E. W. Redfield's In the Clearing is to my mind among the most provocative work shown; Mr. Thomas Moran's Castle Rock, Wyoming, suggests possibilities, rather perhaps in subject than in treatment. Though there may be two opinions about the allocation of the Carnegie Prize to Mr. Lever's winter study of Saint Ives, it is at least earnest, capable, and well-observed, and as such deserving of honor. It also commands our gratitude as sparing us some of the snow whereunder many of the other "winter" landscapes are so deep-sunk.

Seeing that we are most of us city-dwellers nowadays, it is to be regretted that so few of our painters condescend to paint the cities in which we—and they—live. The great masters of the past were content to seek inspiration from their immediate surroundings, and although New York or Chicago may be less actually beautiful than Florence or Bologna, they are at least as potential artistically, if not very much more so, to us moderns. We may, therefore, be grateful to Mr. William Lippincott's 1894 Skyscraper, New York City, and to Mr. Jonas Lie's The City Icebound, though both are rather obvious. Equally welcome and less hackneyed are Miss Helen McClain's clever little Eighth Avenue, Mr. H. E. Schnakenberg's Monday, a tenement-house study, with the weekly wash well in evidence, and Mr. Robert C. Doran's quaint The Park, rather unkindly "skied" above a doorway. More ambitious is Mr. F. Luis Mora's study of a scene on the subway, Eyening News, a work of considerable achievement, which yet fails somewhat in conviction, in that it is difficult not to feel that the passengers introduced are fully conscious that they are being painted and have stopped the car for the purpose.

Mr. Charles W. Hawthorne's Peignoir Rose we might perhaps have included among the portraiture were it not that it is among the most ably painted works exhibited, the pink-clad girl's figure setting the key of a harmoniously realized interior. There is power again in Mr. Bernhard Gutmann's study of a child in a high blue-backed chair, rather quaintly entitled, according to the catalogue, Elizabeth, Owned by Doctor J. G.

Mr. Richard E. Miller's ambitious interior, Sunlight, is very successful in its realization of the flesh-lights, and among other works which linger in the memory as painted with the head as well as with the hands, selected at random, are Miss Josephine Pad-dock's The Sealskin Muffs, Miss Theresa Bernstein's Suffrage Meeting, Mr. S. J. Woolf's East Side Poultry Shop—in some ways the most interesting work shown, small though it be—and Mr. Stephen Haweis's little *tour-de-force*, Electric Light on the Ponte Vecchio.

If the sculpture exhibited is not for the most part inspiring, it shows a very respectable level of craftsmanship. On the whole, it would probably have been higher had M. Rodin never achieved fame, but that is no doubt inevitable. Some of the portrait busts are rather terrifying; on the other hand, there are a number of successful small bronzes and statuettes. The most ambitious work shown is Mr. Chester French's portrait-statue of Emerson, which should appeal to the academic; one of the most convincing, if not the kindest, is Mr. C. S. Pietro's bust of Enrico Caruso. The most puzzling, so far as this deponent is concerned, is certainly Mr. Ulric H. Ellerhusen's Commuters, which one imagines to represent a crowd either awaiting or having just missed a train. Miss E. W. Burroughs's Morgiana has its appeal, one is not very certain why; Mr. Carl E. Akely's Stung is a very clever little study of an elephant; Miss Janet Scudder's Seaweed Fountain is attractive, and there are a number of smaller works which it would be pleasant to own.

O. M. H.

It was the critic Giovanni Morelli who started Sir Martin Conway on the avocation described by him in "The Sport of Collecting" (Stokes; illustrated, \$2 net). Morelli believed that the way to connoisseurship was by collecting, and to start his friend, bet a Napoleon he could not find a Foppa. Sir Martin soon won the Napoleon, and to prove it was not mere luck, unearthed a second Foppa. He has been finding things ever since. It must have been a great moment when he espied in a junk-shop on the Bay of Biscay what many critics now believe to be the earliest Giorgiones. An even more precious thing æsthetically is a juvenile Lotto, The Maiden's Dream. Many other pictures came his way. Some justly acquired historic names through his study or that of his friends, some still remain puzzling. Several are reproduced for the encouragement of the new generation of enthusiasts. Besides the pictures, Egypt, Asia Minor, and India have contributed sculptures. Nothing that was human and charming seems to have been regarded as alien by Sir Martin. His most comprehensive find was a mediæval castle near Brighton which he has piously renovated as a repository for the plunder and a residence for himself. Of this varied quest, which had to be tucked into the intervals of business and alpinism, he tells with unaffected pleasure and geniality. The result is a book that every collector will take to his heart, a book that should interest also those strangely dispassionate persons of taste who love without coveting the things that are collected.

Finance

IN THE NEW YEAR.

A year has begun whose financial character and financial outcome, in the United States, are the subject of more divergent prediction than perhaps has ever been the case in our history. Since the European war began, two opposite ideas as to its economic consequences in this country have alternately prevailed—one, that our foreign trade would be helped through entry into neutral markets lost by belligerent Europe, and our home markets through domestic orders which Europe could not execute; the other, that the destruction of property and waste of capital in the European states would engulf our markets in a common catastrophe with theirs. We are pretty sure to learn, during 1915, which forecast was correct, or whether the actual result will be something between the two.

Out of the confusion of circumstances, one fact emerges clearly. The United States has thus far been hurt least by the war, and has shown the greatest evidence of intrinsic power of any important financial community. The proof of this is that ours is the only money market in the world which has exported gold freely and given no sign of missing it; that ours is the only foreign exchange market in the world where the year closed with rates on every other country moving decidedly in our favor; that ours is the only stock market in the world which has opened for virtually unrestricted trading, and the only one where prices, on the reopening, held at or above the July 30 closing; that ours is the only banking centre in the world which has virtually retired and cancelled the whole of its emergency currency. It may be added that ours is the only business community which passed through the August crisis without either a moratorium on debts or a suspension of gold payments.

This is fairly convincing evidence of financial stability and power; but it does not prove that we shall get prosperity in our grasp again during 1915, or that we shall escape the economic pitfalls, prediction of which was mostly in vogue during the gloomy days of early autumn. Therefore, it is advisable, on the threshold of the new year, to summarize, first, the particular disadvantages which will beset our markets and then the particular advantages. Having done this, the two may be weighed against one another, and the net result predicted.

The handicaps under which our markets enter 1915 are familiar. We shall get none of the European capital, on which we have heretofore relied to help finance our new corporation loans, our trade, and our industry. Indirectly, if not directly, our investment markets will have to meet the competition of the enormously large European war loans. We do not positively know that Europe will not begin liquidation, on an unprecedented scale, of American securities.

Our trade with Germany, our second best foreign customer, is shattered if not annihilated. We cannot sell the surplus of our cotton crop, because of Europe's industrial depression, and we cannot sell a good many other commodities (at least, on the old-time scale) because of financial depression among both belligerents and neutrals. Money market uncertainties, the railway troubles, and the chances of an unfavorable turn in the war situation may still serve to arrest revival of confidence at home.

This is a formidable array of disadvantages awaiting the American markets of 1915. Yet there are some extremely impressive offsets. We are neither at war nor likely to go to war; therefore, while Europe is wasting its accumulated capital, we are accumulating new capital of our own. We got through the summer and autumn of 1914 without the help of foreign capital, and we shall need it still less next year, with the credit machinery of the new banking system now in force. We are producing gold from our mines almost as fast as the Banks of England and Germany have been accumulating it.

Our foreign trade has already begun to expand with great rapidity; in the past few weeks, even the export of cotton, of whose shipment in quantity the markets were lately despairing, has exceeded that of a year ago. Europe must keep on her huge purchases of our grain, and must buy other materials in proportionately greater amount, the longer the war continues. If we can manage to finance the pressing requirements of such other neutral states as South America, we shall presumably handle also their reviving trade. Meantime, a more rational policy regarding rates is assured to American railways, and, apparently, easy money to American industry. As to Europe's attitude towards our stock market, the evidence thus far at hand does not point to sudden and wholesale liquidation. This is admittedly

the point of doubt, so far as regards the general future.

It is not easy to look forward with absolute doubt and pessimism to a year whose history, in America, will be shaped in large measure by these possibilities, and it is wholly within the scope of reasonable expectation that a spirit of reviving cheerfulness will be in evidence before many weeks. Even so, there would remain the chances of the war itself. Of that consideration, we are likely to hear much more, as a factor in our own financial calculations, during 1915. Precisely how a series of German victories would affect our situation, or a series of German defeats, or signs of continued and unbroken military deadlock—these are problems for the new year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

- Brechner, P. J. *The Turbulent Duchess*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.30 net.
 George, W. L. *The Second Blooming*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.35 net.
 Harrison, S. F. *Ringfield*. Toronto: Musson. \$1.10 net.
 Oppenheim, P. *Mr. Crex of Monte Carlo*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.35 net.
 Parkes, K. *Hardware*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.
 Rawlence, G. *The Three Trees*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.
 Trevena, J. *Sleeping Waters*. Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Boyd, C. W. *Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches*. Vols. I and II. Houghton Mifflin. \$5 net.
 Carton, H. *The Grand Assize*. Doubleday, Page. \$1.35 net.
 Cox, E. G. *The Medieval Popular Ballad*. Boston: Ginn. \$1.75 net.
 Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association. Vol. V. Collected by O. Elton. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.
 Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XXV. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1.50 net.
 Herts, B. R. *Depreciations*. A. & C. Boni. \$1.25 net.
 Oxford University Handbook. 1915. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Bond, F. *Dedications and Patron Saints of English Churches*. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

- Hale, B. F. R. *What Women Want*. Stokes. \$1.25 net.
 Morre, H. L. *Economic Cycles: Their Law and Cause*. Macmillan.
 Report of the Library of Congress. 1914. Washington: Government Printing Office.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

- Bancroft, G., Simpson, B., and Storrs, R. S. *Our Martyr President, Abraham Lincoln*. Methodist Book Concern. \$1 net.
 Diary of Nelson Kingsley: A California Argonaut of 1849. Edited by F. J. Teggart. Vol. III. University of California.
 McCabe, J. *Treitschke and the Great War*. Stokes.
 Riddle, J. C. *The Indian History of the Modoc War*. Privately printed. \$2.50 net.
 Winship, G. P. *The John Carter Brown Library: A History*. Boston: Merrymount Press.

TRAVEL.

- Bernier, F. *Travels in the Mogul Empire*. Oxford University Press. 6s. net.

POETRY.

- Cronyn, G. *Poems*. A. & C. Boni.
 Gouldsbury, C. *From the Outposts*. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
 Hardy, T. *Satires of Circumstance*. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.
 Keesing, M. R. *Dramas and Poetry*. London: Elliot Stock. Second series. 6s. net.
 Leonard, R. M. *Poems on Travel*. *Poems on Children*. *Poems on Life*. *Echoes from the Classics*. *Poems on the Arts*. Oxford University Press. 7d. net each.
 Poetical Works of Longfellow. Complete Copyright Edition. Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

SCIENCE.

- Bowsfield, C. C. *Wealth from the Soil*. Chicago: Forbes & Co. \$1 net.
 Klemm, O. *A History of Psychology*. Scribner.
 Lauffer, B. *Chinese Clay Figures*. Part I. Anthropological Series. Vol. XIII, No. 2. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

- Bantock, G. *One Hundred Songs of England*. Boston: Ditson. \$1.50 net.
 Caffin, C. *Vaudeville*. Pictures by M. De Zayas. Mitchell Kennerley. \$3 net.
 Wedekind, F. *Erdgeist*. A. & C. Boni.
 Wilkinson, C. W. *How to Play 110 Piano Solos*. Scribner.

LATIN AMERICA

By Wm. R. Shepherd

Professor of History, Columbia University.

"That masterly grasp of detail which comes from the combination of wide knowledge with real historical insight. There is scarcely any question of interest connected with the Republics of Central and South America that is not touched upon, and in such a manner as to convey the maximum of information with the minimum of words."—*London Times*. (Home University Library, 50c. net)



Henry Holt and Co. 34 W. 33d St. NEW YORK



WE BUY BOOKS

Paying more than most dealers. If you wish to sell single volumes, small collections, or entire libraries, write or call

Putnam's

2 West 45th Street
Just West of 5th Avenue

THE STORY OF EDINBURGH CASTLE

By LOUIS WEIRTER, R.B.A. \$5.00 net
THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., PHILADELPHIA

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law

Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

The Journal of the Joint Committee of Fifteen on Reconstruction, 39th Congress, 1865-1867

By BENJ. B. KENDRICK, Ph.D., Instructor in History, Columbia University, Sometime Schiff Fellow in History. 8vo. Paper covers. \$3.00.

The Establishment of Christianity and the Proscription of Paganism

By MAUDE ALINE HUTTMAN, Ph.D., Instructor in History in Barnard College, Columbia University. 8vo. Paper covers. \$2.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

THE NATION PRESS
New York Evening Post Building.
 20 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK

All
That's
Good
In
Printing

Now Ready **SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS**

Attractively printed and bound in red cloth, with a gold seal on the side.

Volume I. COMEDIES BY HOLBERG

Jeppe of the Hill, The Political Tinker, Erasmus Montanus

Translated from the Danish by Oscar James Campbell, Jr., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, and Frederic Schenck, B.Litt., Instructor in English at Harvard University; with an Introduction by Oscar James Campbell, Jr. 1914. xv+178 pages. \$1.50 net.

These three plays are now for the first time published together in an English translation. The translators have endeavored not only to give a faithful literary version, but to interpret the comedies in a style that may be readily adapted for the English or American stage.

Volume II. POEMS BY TEGNÉR

The Children of the Lord's Supper, Frithiof's Saga

Translated from the Swedish by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and the Rev. W. Lewery Blackley, with an Introduction by Paul Robert Lieder, A. M., of Harvard University. 1914. xxvii+207 pages. \$1.50 net.

Tegnér is the one Swedish poet to whose works all his compatriots will at once accord a place among Scandinavian classics. By reprinting the faithful and spirited interpretations of Longfellow and of Blackley, the Foundation hopes to make Tegnér more easily accessible in English.

SCANDINAVIAN MONOGRAPHS

Attractively printed and bound in blue cloth, with a gold seal on the side.

Volume I. THE VOYAGES OF THE NORSEMEN TO AMERICA

By WILLIAM HOVGGAARD, Professor of Naval Construction in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Late Commander in the Royal Danish Navy. 1914. xxi+304 pages. 83 illustrations and 7 maps. \$4.00 net.

The abundant and beautiful illustrations in this book add greatly to its interest and value. Professor Hovgaard makes a fresh and thorough investigation of the whole problem of the Norse discovery of America, about the year 1000, and arrives at new and striking conclusions. The volume includes reliable translations of all parts of the sagas that concern Vinland and a special discussion of a matter upon which the author is eminently qualified to speak, namely, the nautical aspects of the voyages.

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

In January, 1913, the Foundation began the publication of its own official organ, THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW. THE REVIEW is the only magazine in the English language presenting the literature, art, and science, and the social and industrial progress of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. *Illustrated. Bi-monthly 25 cents a copy; subscription \$1.50 net.*

Second Yule Number

Copies are still obtainable of the first number of Volume III. The articles include "Autograph Letters of Swedish Monarchs," "Social Reform in Norway," Scandinavian Contributions to Early American Art," "Hamlet's Castle," and "Longfellow and Sweden." Among the illustrations are a series of "Battlefields of the North," a cover design from Zorn representing a winter scene in Mora, and a reproduction in colors of Carl Larsson's painting, "My Family." 25 cents net. Number II will be devoted to Iceland.

The above books are sold to Associates of the American-Scandinavian Foundation at a reduction of 10 per cent. Patron Associates will receive all books free, and Sustaining and Life Associates will receive free two volumes of the CLASSICS annually.



All orders and communications regarding the above books should be addressed to the Secretary,

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
FOUNDATION

25 West 45th Street

New York